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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1875.

NEW STORY BY WILKIE COLLINS.

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MR. O'CONOR'S LETTER.

CAREFUL readers of the late opinion of the Court of Appeals releasing TWEED observed that Judge ALLEN rested the conclusions of the court against the sentence of Judge DAVIS upon an argument of Mr. O'CONOR'S made before the same court in September, 1871. As Mr. O'CONOR had been one of the chief and most efficient prosecutors of TWEED, and as it is known that no important legal step against him was taken without Mr. O'CONOR'S concurrence, the decision of the court, expressly founded upon his "unanswerable argument" in another case, was a direct accusation either of his acumen or his consistency, and made him who has been so eminent in the pursuit of TWEED appear to be the agent of his escape from punishment. If the court had had any wish to belittle and humiliate so distinguished a lawyer, it could not have taken a course more likely to secure that result. Mr. O'CONOR is not a man to remain silent under such an imputation, and he has written a very vigorous letter to Judge DAVIS, in which, under forms that observe propriety, he arraigns the court as careless of justice and partial to TWEED as against the people of the State.

"Either in his own person or through a representative he has thrice bearded public justice in that high tribunal whose voice is law, and on each occasion has received its award that, as against him or his, the weapons devised by the people's advocates were vain and hurtless. Bowing dutifully to the image of Virtue which imagination may place in front of the justice-seat for the decent homage of its occupants, the learned judges deprecate the possibility that atrocious robberies such as are imputed should ultimately go unredressed; but in every case against the peculators a majority held, with unvarying constancy, that the law forbids such a remedy as that then under review. 'Try again' is the implied advice; and if the patience of the public prosecutor shall hold out, this generation may expect to witness throughout its allotted term, as a species of amusement, periodically recurring proofs how thick-witted the people's lawyers are, and how admirably astute, in the same uniform direction toward impunity, the judges of the last resort are when dealing with peculators. Shall this be so? It is a highly probable result, unless there shall arise among the suffering class a determined resistance to the power by which they are inthralled and an inflexible resolve to reform existing abuses."

Mr. O'CONOR then proceeds to a brief and trenchant historical sketch of the rise and character of the Ring which was composed of the Tammany and canal wings in alliance with certain Republicans. In this review he is struck with the same fact in Mr. TILDEN'S political career that has struck other observers, and which we have more than once pointed out.

"Mr. TILDEN'S course and career form, in this connection, an interesting subject; still, only a brief reference will be made to it. Notwithstanding his unqualified demand for purity in administration, he seems to have retained his party relations. How he accomplished this object sufficiently to secure a nomination for Governor it is difficult for one of the uninitiated to comprehend. He did so, however, and he was elected. How knavery failed to make an effectual revolt during the canvass is another enigma. The spirit of satanic opposition which, tardily and late, reared its head against reform in the Assembly elected with him, and which then struggled so confusedly and ineffectually, is also a fit subject of study at this time."

The scope of this quotation would be lost if we omitted the next sentence, which alludes, of course, to Chief Justice CHURCH, of the Court of Appeals.

"A glance at the names that, during the preliminary canvass, came into notice as his rivals for nomination to the Executive chair would be suggestive of pertinent inquiries. To the light derivable from these sources nothing need be added here. The press has already made public all else that could be desired for some relevant and instructive calculations in the arithmetic of events."

Mr. O'CONOR describes the nature of the crimes of the Ring, the legal remedies that were sought, and the reasons for them. He then takes up the last opinion of the court releasing TWEED. TWEED was accused of fifty-one misdemeanors in as many counts of one indictment. He was tried for them all and convicted of them all at once. Judge DAVIS passed several successive or accumulative sentences upon him, amounting in all to twelve years' imprisonment and $12,750 fines. For a single offense the utmost legal punishment is one year's imprisonment and $250 fine. The Court of Appeals held that while it might have been just and legal to inflict the successive punishments on as many different indictments, they should not have been imposed in a single case and on one indictment. This decision, as Mr. O'CONOR observes, does not merely discharge TWEED; it leaves to his forbearance whether Judge DAVIS shall forfeit his estate and take TWEED'S place in his cell, while it condemns the judge to go into history as a magistrate stained with illegal oppression through ignorance.

Mr. O'CONOR finally considers the grounds of the opinion, and quotes Judge ALLEN'S citation of his own argument in the railroad case, where Mr. O'CONOR pleaded that it was not the practice to allow two distinct offenses to be tried at the same time, either by indictment or by penal action—a plea which the judge calls unanswerable. This argument was made in September, 1871. While the case was still undecided, another of the same kind came before the Court, and was decided in December, 1871, Judge GROVER reading the opinion, in which he said:

"This makes it unnecessary to determine whether, if several penalties are recoverable, they can all be recovered in one action, or whether a separate action must be brought for each penalty. I dismiss this part of the case with the simple remark that, irrespective of what was the early common-law rule, or how the question as an original one should be determined upon principle, the rule has been too long considered settled, and acted upon in this State, that they can all be recovered in one action, to permit any departure from it by this court."

This decision was published in the State reports in May, 1872. Chief Justice CHURCH and Judges ALLEN and FOLGER agreeing with Judge GROVER. In June, 1875, these four judges agree with the others that the rule which four years before, after hearing Mr. O'CONOR'S argument, they had declared to be long settled and not to be disturbed, is unanswerably overthrown by that argument which they had repudiated. And Judge DAVIS having followed the rule which the Court of Appeals had declared to be incontestably settled, is now by the same Court of Appeals condemned for ignorance and exposed to ignominy for not disregarding its decision. Courts, indeed, may review their decisions, and Mr. O'CONOR says that had the bench of Appeals, upon a question of the lower court exceeding its jurisdiction, reversed its former opinion, justice would not have been defrauded, for the only result would have been a new trial. But as it is, the decision delivers TWEED from any punishment whatever for fifty crimes of which a jury has found him guilty.

When, upon the publication of an opinion which seemed to show that justice could not lawfully be done in the State of New York, and that the abilities and knowledge of the most eminent lawyers could not cope with the confessed crimes of one of the most flagrant offenders, we said, "We trust that some lawyer who has made the subject a special study will think the decision of the court a proper text for an exhaustive review," we had no thought that so great a lawyer as Mr. O'CONOR had it even then in hand. His letter, however, is much more than a review of the opinion, such as good lawyers made of the DRED SCOTT decision, and such as many newspapers have not hesitated to make of the decision of the Supreme Court reversing that upon the Legal-tender Act; it is a scarcely veiled accusation of the court of impeachable offenses, and fosters public distrust of its character and conduct. This is a matter of the highest moment, and makes the letter the most serious event that has occurred in the State for a long time. Alluding to the recent judgment, Mr. O'CONOR says that enlightened jurists

"will not be apt to recognize in it any other merit than consistency, nor any consistency except that which may be discernible in its similitude to the two former judgments of the same tribunal in the civil cases. If it be true, as alleged by the delinquent's party, that all those who constituted the minority in the former cases have joined themselves unto the other four, so that unanimity now reigns within the court, the fact is to be regretted. It presents an exigency which should be met. Unanimity in seeking a remedy should prevail. Neither the pecuniary interests of our citizens nor the honor of our State can be deemed safe as matters stand. But we now have an Executive opposed to peculation, and in November an entirely new Legislature is to be elected. What is yet unstolen in the hands of the people may be preserved to them if they will act promptly, and employ for their own rescue the means which are in their hands."

This means impeachment.

THE PRESS AND PATRONAGE.

THE Philadelphia *Press* had recently an excellent article upon the relation of the newspapers to the reform of the civil service. Justly declaring that a measure of such vast importance is not for lobbyists or chamber statesmen, it asserts that there is but one organ of public sentiment competent to lead in the necessary agitation, and that organ is the press. Reform is not a result to be expected from party spirit, for it is not a party issue. Such a reform is the test of a patriotism which is superior to mere partisan feeling, and its success would be a surer sign of the political soundness of the country than any other. The *Press* is of opinion that the demands of the reform are evident and intelligible, and that its methods are not hard to find, for they must be substantially those which have given England, Germany, and France a body of civil servants superior in honesty, efficiency, and self-respect to the average business society. It lays down the true principle of a proper service in saying that the thousands of places which are now the prey of patronage "should be held during good behavior [which includes, of course, real efficiency] by the best men who are willing to compete for them under tests of character, intelligence, information, and practical aptitude." It is not disturbed by the gibes at competitive examinations, but asserts that they "can determine most things, from pluck, skill, and sinew in the prize ring to the judgment and tact necessary to conduct a case at law or an operation in the hospital." The *Press* concludes a timely and admirable article by saying that we can not fitly celebrate the Centennial until we have pledged ourselves to rid the state of the consequences of the political profligacy of our own and the last generation.

The *Press* is correct in insisting that the reform is a work of patriotism, not of party, and that the press of the country is its proper and most powerful agitator. The worthlessness of mere party action and profession is shown in the history of the Democratic or JACKSON party. Sixty years ago General JACKSON wrote his famous letter to Mr. MONROE, advising him to select his cabinet without regard to party, saying, "The Chief Magistrate of a great and powerful nation should never indulge in party feelings." This letter was one of the sources of JACKSON'S popularity. In 1826, the first year of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS'S Administration, a committee of JACKSON'S friends in the Senate reported an elaborate bill to regulate the appointment of postmasters, and to secure in office faithful collectors and others, and in general to reform the service. This was done under a President who removed no one whatever for party reasons. In the same year, upon resigning his seat in the Senate because of his nomination to the Presidency, JACKSON said, in a letter to the Legislature of Tennessee, that the Constitution should be amended to make members of Congress ineligible to office under the national government during their term in Congress and for two years afterward. He described with great truth the consequences of the strife for patronage as they showed themselves even in the very limited range of offices at that time, and declared that if some such provision as he recommended were not adopted, "corruption will become the order of the day." With such fine professions, the sincerity of which should have been doubted, because the practical evils which they insinuated did not exist, although the germs were in the political system, JACKSON was elected. In his inaugural address he said that reform was necessary, and especially in "those abuses which had brought the Federal Government into conflict with the freedom of electors!" And this was said of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, who did not even remove the collector of New York, who was a strong JACKSON man.

Then began the proscription which every party has since continued. A correspondent of the *Nation* says that it began "in the days of the elder ADAMS"—a conclusion in which he differs from every other student of the subject. Mr. CALHOUN, who had made a thorough inquiry, says, and to this very point: "This power of removal was in the early years of our government almost unknown. It continued unknown till Mr. JEFFERSON'S time. It had not been exercised at all by one of his predecessors—Mr. ADAMS." The joint Congressional committee upon retrenchment reported by Mr. JENCKES in 1868 that after consulting all means of information they had not learned of a single removal except for cause from the beginning of WASHINGTON'S Administration to the close of that of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. Party spirit, indeed, and pressure for place and for removal have been always known, and in a few instances under JOHN ADAMS and JEFFERSON they prevailed. MONROE agreed with JACKSON'S professions that the President ought not to be the head of a party. But the theory and practice of the service of the first forty years were unquestionably different from those which have since prevailed. JACKSON said that the influence of the Federal Government upon elections must be "reformed," and he reformed it by making "a clean sweep" of all subordinate officers who did not support his Administration, one of the very first victims being a hero of the Revolution and a survivor of SAM ADAMS'S tea party. The real principle of JACKSON'S Administration, who had professed more about the purity and independence of the service than any other politician or party leader in the country, was stated by Mr. MARCY in the Senate, "To the victor belong the spoils of the enemy," and its policy was announced in his party organ, the *Telegraph*, "He will reward his friends and punish his enemies."

More than any President in our history JACKSON regarded his office as his personal possession, to be used for his personal and political advantage. As a Presidential candidate and party chief, he raised the cry of reform of the civil service in order that he might get control of it to prostitute it beyond all belief or precedent. He taught the Whigs, and when they came in under HARRISON, they followed—for they could not better—the instruction the JACKSON party had given them. The evil practice has continued until it is now gravely defended as the true principle of administration under a popular government. The whole trading body of both parties is united upon it. It is the most menacing peril of the country, yet the remedy is the most practicable and intelligible. The beginning is the persuasion of public opinion. The press can not join in a worthier Centennial effort than that indicated by the Philadelphia journal. In the spirit of the Centennial year let us gladly acknowledge that CALHOUN, who was wholly wrong when he held that the States in the Union were absolutely sovereign, was wholly right when in his masterly report upon executive patronage, in 1835, he said: "The very essence of a free government consists in considering offices as public trusts to be bestowed for the good of the country and not for the benefit of an individual or a party; and that system of political morals which regards offices to be used and enjoyed as their proper spoils strikes a fatal blow at the very vitals of free institutions."

GENERAL BLAIR AND THE CHICAGO WIGWAM.

WHOEVER knew General FRANK BLAIR must have heard of his death with sincere regret. With great and obvious defects of character, for which he dearly paid, he had many of those qualities which awaken and retain admiration and regard. He had, indeed, many of the traits of a hero—undaunted courage, gallantry, ardor, and independence; and his service in rescuing Missouri from the coils of slavery and secession was a signal personal triumph which his subsequent aberrations and extravagances as a Democrat should not obscure. A service of another kind, but not less useful and admirable in its way, was the BRODHEAD letter; for while it was characteristically bold and defiant, it was sincere, and served to show, in his immediate nomination by the Democratic party, exactly the spirit and hope of that organization. There is still another service, of another kind, which Mr. BLAIR rendered the Republican party, and which is not generally known.

The Chicago Convention of 1860, which nominated ABRAHAM LINCOLN, was composed, like all such bodies, of the Republicans of principle and courage and those of a timid and perilous "expediency." It was evident in the situation of the country that, opposed to a haughty and confident party in full possession of the government, and threatening its ruin if they were defeated, the true policy for the Republicans was a bold declaration of their principles and an appeal to the national conscience and courage. The time for trimming and hesitation had passed. When the committee on resolutions reported the platform, Mr. GIDDINGS, of Ohio, moved an amendment re-asserting the "self-evident" truths of the Declaration of Independence. Mr. CARTTER, of Ohio, strenuously objected that the Convention might as well re-assert the Ten Commandments. Another gentleman joined in opposition, and no one sustaining the amendment, probably fearing that any discussion of the platform or change in it might lead to unexpected and undesirable results, Mr. ASHMUN, the president, eagerly put the question, and with evident satisfaction declared the amendment lost. Mr. GIDDINGS and his

friends thereupon rose to withdraw from the Convention. As they passed the seats of the New York delegation, one of its members, seeing in their departure the retirement of the strong, aggressive antislavery element, which was indispensable in the impending contest as really the soul of the Republican party, and feeling that nothing could more fatally discourage that party and all brave "Sons of Liberty" in the Union than the knowledge that the Convention had been afraid in that national exigency to repeat the words of the Declaration as its political creed, and had actually rejected them when offered, stopped Mr. GIDDINGS and begged him to remain, as he would offer substantially the same amendment.

Sending word to the chair that he wished to be recognized as soon as possible, the member rose, and Mr. ASHMUN, not suspecting that any thing would proceed from the New York delegation that could disturb the Convention, immediately gave the New Yorker the floor, and he renewed Mr. GIDDINGS's amendment, merely changing its form so as to include the opening words of the Declaration. Instantly there was an uproar, and the point of order was vociferously made that the Convention had just virtually passed upon the same amendment. Mr. ASHMUN, eagerly as before, and with an air of irritation that the trouble should have been renewed, decided the point to be well taken, and passed peremptorily to the next business. During the reading of the platform and the debate upon the amendment of Mr. GIDDINGS, the member from New York had observed at the end of the seat opposite his own upon the aisle, and but a few feet from him, a sturdy sandy-haired man, who sat carelessly swinging one leg and foot over the arm of the seat, and squirting tobacco juice upon the floor, apparently indifferent to every thing that took place. But as Mr. ASHMUN peremptorily ruled, the sandy-haired man by a sudden spring raised himself erect upon his feet, standing on the seat, and with a voice that commanded the chair so that he instinctively turned and could not help recognizing the speaker, exclaimed, "Mr. President!" Mr. ASHMUN responded, "The gentleman from Missouri." "I rise to a point of order." "The gentleman will state it." "My point is that the amendment of the gentleman from Ohio was to one clause of the resolutions, and that of the gentleman from New York to another, and that the question, therefore, has not been decided by the Convention." The point was indisputable. Mr. ASHMUN saw it, and said, coldly, "The gentleman's point is well taken, and the gentleman from New York has the floor." The amendment was renewed, a few words were said in support of it, and the Convention, now understanding the situation, reversed its previous vote, and with enthusiastic unanimity adopted the amendment, while Mr. GIDDINGS and his friends resumed their seats in the Convention.

The sturdy sandy-haired delegate was "FRANK BLAIR," and it was he who thus saved to the Republican platform of 1860 the consecrating phrases of the Declaration, and to hearty co-operation with the Republican party the original antislavery sentiment.

PATRIOTISM AND PARTY.

MR. THURMAN, of Ohio, a hard-money Democrat, and the Mobile *Register*, one of the leading Democratic papers in the Southern States, and also opposed to financial inflation, allege that the Democratic rag-money platform in Ohio is merely the opinion of certain Democrats in a State election, and insist that they and all other Democrats can properly and honorably support the party in Ohio, notwithstanding its demand for expansion. Their other assertion, that the Republicans are as deep in the mud as the Democrats in the mire, is unavailing, because while there are Republicans who are rag-money advocates, there is no Republican Convention which has made so unblushing and monstrous a demand for inflation, and consequent inevitable repudiation, as the Democratic party in Ohio. What, then, is the force of the plea of Mr. THURMAN and the *Register*? It is not denied by either of them, nor by any other sensible authority, that one of the chief and most vital issues of the election of '76 is the financial question. In the nature of our politics the declarations of the two parties in the various States upon every important question are, during this year, of the utmost significance, because they show the kind and force of the opinion which will determine the national declaration of the party next year. Each party in every State is conscious of it, and makes its platform upon national issues with reference to the action and success of the party in the whole country, not in the single State. Thus when the Ohio Democrats adopted their platform, which may well strike terror to the heart of the whole industrial interest of the country, they proclaimed that their party, in one of the largest and most powerful States, will endeavor to compel its National Convention of next year to declare for rag-money and repudiation.

That Mr. THURMAN and the *Register* are aware of this significance of the Ohio election is evident. For while they both insist that it is only a State election, and admit that the platform is, financially, infamous, instead of logically arguing that, as the election concerns only the State, it is better that the fatal doctrine be condemned before it is adopted elsewhere, they insist that the party must be supported. And for what reason? Because they know that the election does not concern the State alone, but has a most important bearing upon the country. Thus, by urging the success of their party in Ohio upon a financial platform which they think fatal to the industrial and commercial interests of their fellow-citizens, they do all that they possibly can to commit their party in the national election to a policy which they abhor.

Mr. THURMAN is a Democrat of acknowledged ability and of high reputation. But why is he a Democrat? Because, as we prefer to believe, he thinks that the policy of the Democratic party will more surely secure the welfare of the country than that of the other party. Now here in a radical and vital question, one of the most profoundly important possible, the Democratic party takes a position which he acknowledges is fatally injurious to the national welfare; and instead of saying that as he is a Democrat, in order to benefit and not to injure his country, he must now oppose the party, he tries to sophisticate himself—but, we are sure, with no more success than he has in trying to delude others—by asserting that he differs from his party in this, but holds with it on all other points. What would Mr. THURMAN have thought of a leading Republican of 1860 who had said that although he was in favor of extending slavery into the Territories, he agreed with his party in every thing else, and should therefore support it? Precisely what Mr. THURMAN would have thought of that Republican every patriotic man in the country thinks of him. We complain of party spirit and corruption. But if the most eminent party men upon both sides deliberately surrender their deepest convictions and most established principles to the behest of a majority of their party associates, where are we to turn for hope of any improvement or of a lofty and independent patriotism? Mr. THURMAN is another of that conspicuous but most melancholy group of public men in our annals whom the desire of the Presidency has so blinded that they can not see the path of independent fidelity to their own convictions to be the highway to universal respect and historical honor, if not to eminent office.

PROFESSOR MARSH'S CHARGES.

IF the letter of Mr. O'CONOR reviewing the opinion of the Court of Appeals in the TWEED case forcibly says what he means, that of Professor O. C. MARSH, of Yale College, to the President upon Indian frauds is not less direct and unmistakable. There has long been a suspicion of enormous corruption in the Indian Bureau, and the occasional disclosures of Bishop WHIPPLE and other sincere friends of the red man have confirmed them. The President, who, as a young army officer, had personal knowledge of the ill treatment of the Indians, has honestly insisted upon reform, and has done much to secure it; and as the frontier and military hatred and contempt of the Indians, their traditional bad reputation, the consciousness of their degraded and declining condition, and their remote situation have removed them from general public interest and sympathy, the opportunities for wrong of every kind toward them have been constant and encouraging to evil doers. It is the obvious duty of the Government, therefore, to listen with great care to all testimony that seems both intelligent and disinterested; and as none could be more so than that of a sensible and sagacious scientific explorer like Professor MARSH, the manner in which it was received by the Interior Department, and the letter of the Secretary, speaking of him as "a Mr. MARSH," were such as to excite unfavorable attention, if not suspicion. To designate any body by the indefinite article is offensive; but for an officer of the government so to designate a gentleman who brings him information which he should be glad to have is to suggest that, for some reason, he is sorry to have it, and there can be no good cause for such regret. It is, of course, disagreeable to learn that affairs for which we are officially responsible are in a suspicious state. But the circumstances of the Indian Bureau are well understood, and all that the country requires of the Secretary and Commissioner is that they shall use all means in their power to keep them as straight as possible. Officers of the civil service should not forget that officers in the military service are not often found dishonestly at fault in their management of the public business intrusted to them; and it is not necessary to take it for granted that there can not be honor and fair play with the Indians.

Professor MARSH does not hesitate to say that in his opinion neither the Secretary nor the Commissioner wishes for honesty in the management of Indian affairs. This is an open accusation by a responsible person, and the result of the inquiry of the commission which has been appointed is, therefore, most important. If the charges of Professor MARSH against the two officers are sustained, they will be necessarily disgraced. If the charges fail, Professor MARSH will be discredited, and the general charge of official corruption not only against the Administration, but against our public life in general, will be dismissed. What weight can be given to anonymous newspaper accusations and general declamation against dishonesty and venality if charges made by so intelligent a man as Professor MARSH, who risks his own sagacity and good name in making them, turn out to be unfounded? The inquiry, therefore, is of the utmost importance. Professor MARSH did not go to the Indian country to hunt up evidence. It fell into his hands unsought. RED CLOUD refused to allow him to penetrate a certain region which the Professor, for scientific purposes, wished to explore, unless he would promise to lay his complaints before the President.

The commission of inquiry may perhaps think that its duties are trivial. We hope that it will not make that mistake. An exhaustive investigation of the whole subject of the Indian management and a fearless and thorough report will be an immense service to the country, and will certainly give great political prominence to him who prepares it. The inquiry is not worth undertaking unless it be prosecuted with the utmost rigor, sagacity, and impartiality. If any just complaint can be made of those who are appointed upon the commission, the Government condemns itself in advance, and Professor MARSH's charges will be believed to be well founded. Or if the commission shall make a report plainly to shield any party, or interest, or officer, it will condemn the Administration and the high officers who are accused. What is needed is a report without fear and without favor.

PERSONAL.

THAT President WHITE, of Cornell University, is one of those cold-blooded, matter-of-fact sort of men without a jot of sentiment or enthusiasm is evinced by the fact that when he heard of the second and great victory of the Cornell crew he was taking his dinner, and became so excited that he rushed from the table, headed for the University, and arriving there and finding the doors locked, kicked them in, and made for the ringing apparatus of the chimes, which he pulled so vigorously as to disarrange the machinery, causing considerable delay before it could be adjusted and the ringing proceeded with. Such is the vivacity of the American character!

—Fortunes change. The Cincinnati *Commercial* learns from a correspondent the following facts in regard to General PRESTON, who was one of the richest men in South Carolina before the war, owned hundreds of slaves, and his residence in Columbia was one of the finest in the city, surrounded by grounds in which grew rare and costly herbs and plants. The general is now advanced in years, his large estates consumed in war, his home broken up, all his houses but one swept away by flame, and his nearest and dearest relations slain in battle. He thinks the North was blamable.

—Among the curious incidents of the times not the least noticeable is the fact that the descendants of the old Egyptians are in these latter days resorting to the youngest of nations for their executives. After placing in high military position several of our army officers, the Khedive recently wrote to General SHERMAN, asking him to recommend a good engineer officer for the Egyptian army, and the general recommended Colonel DERRICK, of Virginia, who was prominent as an engineer in the Confederate service. The colonel has sailed for the land of the PHARAOHS, POTIPHARS, and other F.F.E.'s.

—General HOOD has seized his pen, and will cause ink to ooze from it upon the book of General SHERMAN. HOOD is preparing a book which will give a circumstantial account of his operations around Atlanta and his Tennessee campaign, together with his reply to General JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

—Mr. C. W. BECKWITH, of Stafford Springs, Connecticut, enjoys a languid, Connecticut sort of satisfaction in being the owner of a sword which, it is asserted, belonged to WILLIAM the Conqueror. Mr. BECKWITH some years ago declined for it an offer of $1000.

—N. HEAD, a prominent New Hampshire politician, was the recipient, a few days ago, of a barrel of flour from Manchester, New Hampshire, addressed at one end to "General NATT HEAD," on the other to "NATHANIEL HEAD." The barrel of flour was returned to Manchester, the way-bill being indorsed as follows by the station agent at Hookset, Mr. HEAD's residence: "There is no such person as NATHANIEL HEAD to be found in Hookset, and General NATT HEAD refuses to pay for one end of a barrel of flour. He wants a whole barrel or none."

—In reference to the religious convictions of the late General FRANCIS P. BLAIR, his pastor, the Rev. Dr. POST, said at the funeral that over two years ago his mind had been earnestly given to religious matters. He was anxious to make his public profession in St. Louis when he returned from Clifton Springs, but his malady forbade. He did, however, go into a public assembly at Clifton, and there declared his adhesion to the Gospel of the faith and salvation of Jesus Christ. The solemnities of a public connection with the Church were deferred in order that he might make it where his old friends might see and his old friends might hear.

—The New York *Tribune* says: "Mr. CHARLES NORDHOFF has found a new audience. His excellent little manual, *Politics for Young Americans*, has been printed in raised letters for the benefit of the blind, who want to know about politics, if they can not take part in them. In the new form the work makes a large though not heavy quarto volume of 142 pages, all the letters being good-sized capitals, in order that the sensitive finger-tips may read them easily. This edition is printed, by permission of Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, owners of the copyright, at the American Printing-House for the Blind, Louisville, Kentucky. It is a high tribute to the merits of the book that it should have been selected for this purpose."

—Mr. OSTROM, stroke oar and captain of the victorious Cornell crew, is a carpenter by trade, and has supported himself at the university by working at the bench, helping about the farm, and taking care of one of the buildings. He can certainly paddle his own canoe.

—Colonel FORNEY has sent from London to the superintendent of the National Museum in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, three interesting mementoes: a photograph of that part of Doomsday-book devoted to a description of the land-holders of Berkshire nearly eight hundred years ago; a copy of the Great Seal of England, with a fine head of Queen VICTORIA, sent by the Lord Chancellor to General SCHENCK, in response to his request; and an original portrait of CHARLES II., lent to the museum by the American consul at Southampton.

—The home of Senator MORTON, of Indiana, and his home life are said to be very delightful. A spirit of animation pervades his house. His children have not been mere pets upon which he has lavished a parent's affection, but companions and peers as well. JOHN, the eldest son, is married, and living somewhere on the Pacific coast, and WALTER, the second son, has been attending school at West Chester, Pennsylvania. In the absence of these it is not surprising that the only child at home should receive considerable attention. But even when the others are at home, "OLLIE" seems to be the father's pet. Besides being "the baby" and bearing his father's name, he is the most like him in mind and features and physique. He has the wide forehead, the large clear eyes, and the finely set mouth. He is certainly a very bright, quick boy, and possesses an excellent memory and the manners of a gentleman. Like EDGEWORTH, his father not only allows him "to join in thought and conversation," but encourages him to do so. He reads much, looks up passages to which his father desires to refer, and aids him in other ways. Thus the young lad is incited to greater mental exertion. He is never idle. Whenever not engaged with his father or mother he is reading. His habits and manner of life are those of a young man of twenty-two, rather than of a lad not yet sixteen.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

JUDGE DONOHUE, of the New York Supreme Court, July 20, entered an order declaring William M. Tweed entitled to a bill of particulars of the warrants forming the basis of the civil action against him for the recovery of the stolen $6,000,000. The counsel for the people declare that if the order holds good, further prosecution will have to be abandoned. An appeal has been taken to the General Term of the Supreme Court against Judge Donohue's decision.

The Connecticut House of Representatives voted, July 21, by 82 to 102, to indefinitely postpone the bill giving women the right to vote in a Presidential election. The committee's report was unanimously in favor of the bill.

Pomeroy, the boy murderer, made an attempt to escape from the Charles Street Jail, in Boston, July 20. He had dug out the bricks around the window of his cell by means of a piece of an iron wash dish, and his plan was, after getting outside of the cell, to lower himself from the iron gallery to the floor of the rotunda by cords taken from the window frame, to slip out at midnight when the guard was changed, and clearing the jail building, scale the exterior wall and make off.

The Maryland Democratic State Convention, held at Baltimore, July 22, nominated John Lee Carroll for Governor, and passed resolutions, one of which was opposed to inflation of the currency.

The July returns to the Bureau of Agriculture show that the acreage of tobacco is greater than that of last year, the increase being in the great tobacco-producing States. Maryland has increased her area 4 per cent.; Virginia, 30; North Carolina, 33; South Carolina, 7; Florida, 23; Mississippi, 16; Arkansas, 10; Tennessee, 203; Kentucky, 223; Ohio, 25; Indiana, 49; Illinois, 56; Missouri, 60. New York, Pennsylvania, and Texas report the same area as last year. New Hampshire has reduced her small acreage 30 per cent.; Massachusetts, 25; Connecticut, 2; Georgia, 50; Alabama, 10; Louisiana, 7; Wisconsin, 17; Kansas, 11. The condition of the crop is most satisfactory in the larger tobacco States, and is 2 per cent. above an average on the whole.

FOREIGN NEWS.

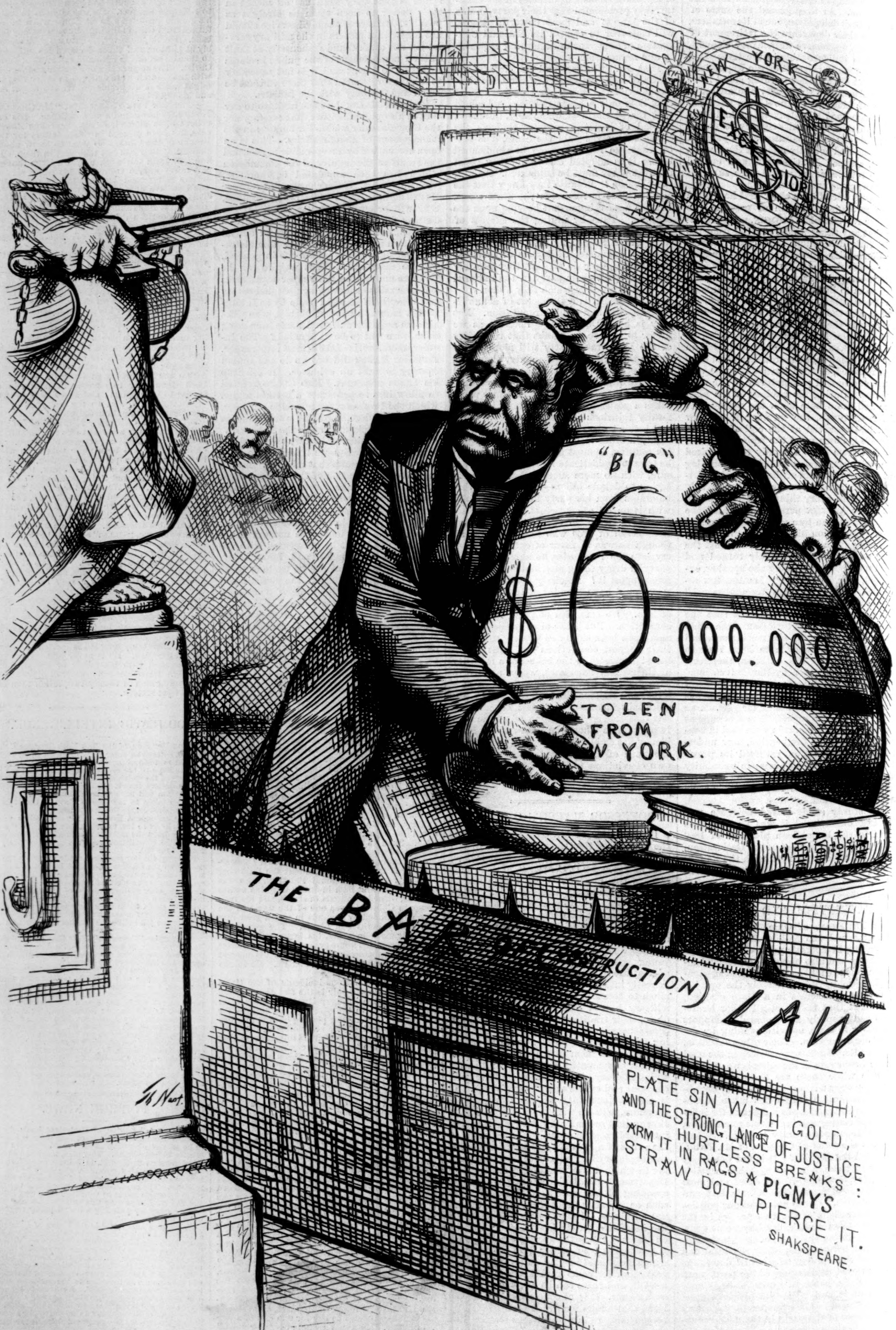
THE recent detention of Protestant books by the Spanish customs authorities at Santander is believed to be part of a coercive scheme to force active Protestants to leave Spain. This plan, inspired by prominent persons in Madrid, is being executed by the clergy and the civil governor, who hope by indirect pressure to expel the resident American evangelical minister. The impression also prevails that the Madrid government hopes to conciliate the Papal Nuncio and the moderates with this underhand persecution, while apparently pursuing a liberal policy regarding public worship.

Mr. Disraeli announced in the House of Commons, July 22, that the government had abandoned the Merchant Shipping Bill, whereupon Mr. Plimsoll attacked the government so violently that the Speaker ordered him to withdraw his remarks, but Mr. Plimsoll refused to do so, and left the House amidst great excitement.

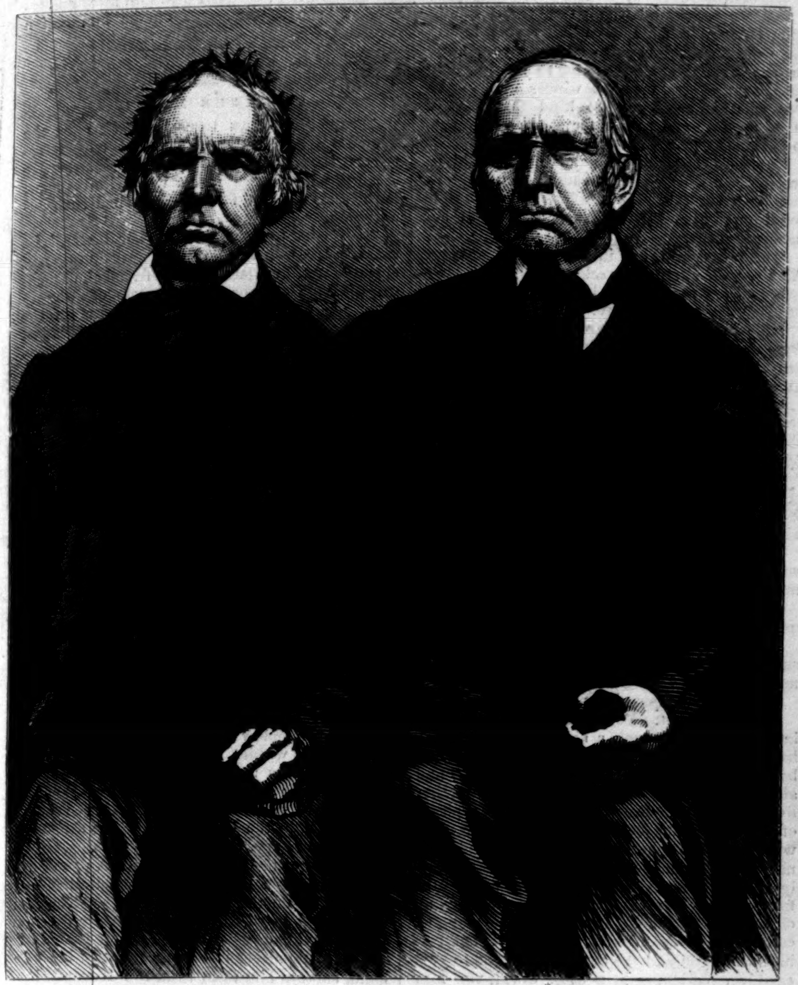
The French Assembly, after disposing of the budget, will take up the bill relative to the proposed tunnel between France and England. A private bill in reference to the same project has already passed the British House of Commons, and is now before the Lords.

The Spanish Constitutional Committee, by a vote of 26 to 7, has rejected two proposed amendments directed against religious liberty.

Switzerland has appropriated $50,000 in gold to pay for the representation of the Swiss government in the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition.



PRINCIP-ALS, NOT MEN—A LAWYER PLEADING FOR HIS "CLIENT."



VENERABLE TWINS—JAMES AND DANIEL PRINCE.

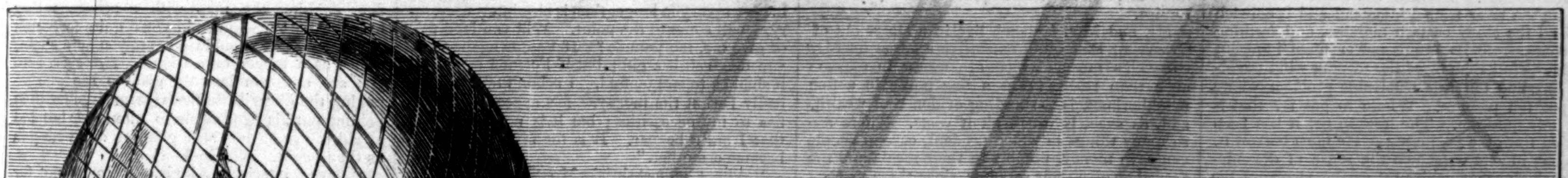
JUSTINIANO ROXAS, AT THE AGE OF 123.

VENERABLE TWINS.

We give on this page the portraits of James and Daniel Prince, who probably have a right to be regarded as the oldest living twins in this country, if not in the world. They were born in Williamsburg, Massachusetts, on the 22d of December, 1784, and during the ninety years of their life they have enjoyed uniform good health. James Prince has for many years resided in Chesterfield, Massachusetts, and his brother Daniel in West Springfield. Massachusetts can also boast of a pair of twin sisters eighty-eight years old, residents of Gill, Franklin County.

JUSTINIANO ROXAS.

There recently died at Santa Cruz, California, an aged Indian, whose portrait we give on this page. The Santa Cruz *Enterprise* says of him: "The mission of Santa Cruz was established by monks of the order of St. Francis. The first record which they preserved of a baptism was that of an Indian girl named Micaela, on October 9, 1791. On the 4th of March following was baptized Justiniano Roxas, by Frey Isidro Salazar, O.S.F. Roxas was then forty years of age, and perhaps even somewhat over forty, so that he was at least one hundred and twenty-



DONALDSON'S FATE—THE ASCENT FROM THE CHICAGO HIPPODROME, JULY 15.—From a Sketch by Frank R. Green.—[See Page 642.]

three years old when he died. The record of his baptism is still preserved in the register of the Catholic church, so that there can be no doubt concerning the truth of his extreme age. Little is known of his career, as he has outlived those who were children when he was already very advanced in years. It is probable, however, that he belonged to the Aptos tribe of Indians. For some time he had been quite feeble, and his death was expected to take place at any moment. At the hour of his death Roxas was attended by the Indian who has been his guardian for some time past. He remained conscious until within a few moments of his death."

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

DEAD MEN'S SHOES:

A Novel.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Hostages to Fortune," "Lady Audley's Secret," "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Taken at the Flood," "A Strange World," etc.

CHAPTER II.

"OH, WORLD, THY SLIPPERY TURNS."

Given a ten-pound note which must be had. Query, where to get it? A problem not over-easy of solution for a man who has exhausted the generosity of those few friends who are generous, and discovered the hollowness of those numerous acquaintances who, not ill-natured in the beaten way of friendship, will do any thing for a friend except open their purse-strings.

A sharp December morning. The wind has changed in the night from southwest to due east, and there has been a light fall of snow, which is whitening the various and picturesque roofs of Chelsea, and hangs on the ragged elm branches on Cheney Walk. The river is dun-color, the sky iron-gray, as if the atmosphere were heavily charged with snow. Butchers' boys, cab-men, and those denizens of the street who seem to get through their daily round of labor with an ample margin of leisure for gossip and standing about at corners, look up at the darkened vault of heaven and opine that there will be a heavy fall of snow before night.

This is the cold world which Alexis Secretan faces, leaving his wife asleep in the old tent bed at No. 11 Dixon Street. She has fallen into slothful habits of late, pleading as her excuse that there is so little to get up for nowadays. Certainly not pleasure or prosperity, not even so much as a new book to read, for does not that ragged old Don Juan, whose bitterest verses Alexis gloats over in his gloomiest moods, constitute, with graceless Tom Jones, the entire stock of literature in Sibyl Secretan's reach?

Ten pounds. He faces the bitter blast blowing up the river from Plumstead and Woolwich and all the chilly eastern marshes, and seeming to concentrate its biting power upon innocent Cheney Walk—he faces the rasping wind moodily, puzzling out this insolvable problem, where to get ten pounds! Where to get it? that is the only question. The how to get it has been settled from the beginning. He must borrow it. He has almost outgrown the sense of degradation which accompanies the earlier stages of the borrower's piteous career—he has almost reached the lower depth of the hardy and habitual borrower. He has but to settle with himself upon whom he shall make his demand. For himself he might perchance never have stooped to borrow. He would have emigrated rather, and lived by the sweat of his brow in some new country where men are equal and poverty less than a crime; or, his heart failing him, he might have flung himself and his difficulties off Waterloo Bridge, and so made an easy end of them; but with a young and lovely wife dependent on him for daily bread he has sacrificed pride and independence, manhood and honesty even, he sometimes thinks, and for the last six months has lived a wretched hand-to-mouth existence, trying to get employment all the time, and occasionally earning a fortuitous five-pound note, but supporting the burden of life for the most part by the aid of loans obtained from the associates of happier days. He is not a man upon whom so pitiful a position sits lightly; though being gifted by nature with a peculiarly sweet and easy temper, he has a way of taking his troubles placidly, especially in the presence of his wife—and his railings at Fate and Fortune, though frequent, are philosophical rather than angry or vindictive. He is a man who, if Nature's bounties are to be counted as a heritage, is not undowered. Eminently handsome, of a noble presence, athletic, with a constitution to which illness and disease are unknown—with a voice that can soothe or charm, threaten or command—an eye that dominates man and the lesser animals alike—a quick, bright intellect—a wondrous power of endurance—that noble quality which in a horse we call "stay"—which in man is perhaps the crowning characteristic of manhood—with such gifts as these, Alexis Secretan should hardly count himself ill furnished for the battle of life. Unhappily, the old fairy story of the Princess's christening gifts repeats itself more or less in every man's life. Among the numerous good fairies who were invisible guests at Alexis Secretan's baptismal feast two evil fairies slipped in unawares. These were Poverty and Unthrift.

"He shall have little of this world's goods," said the first.

"And he shall squander that little," added the second.

This baptismal curse has been fulfilled. The only son of a disinherited father, Alexis has yet escaped the chastening influence of that sharp school-master, poverty. His mother's fortune was enough to support father and son in luxurious idleness, and in a happy-go-lucky, easy kind of life in foreign cities, where life is cheaper, gayer, and brighter than at home. At seventeen his father's influence—that father being a member of an old and important family—was sufficient to obtain him a commission in a crack regiment. Father and mother died within a year of each other, and soon after Alexis had put on his epaulets. The remnant of his mother's fortune—the bulk thereof having been anticipated, and made away with from year to year as necessity impelled—served to keep the young man going in an expensive profession for about five years, during which he had the good fortune to see some active service, distinguish himself by various displays of reckless daring, and obtain a captaincy. At the end of the fifth year he had spent the last shilling of his capital, and was in debt. Knowing the impossibility of living on his pay, he sold out, and for some time—about a year and a half—contrived to live upon the proceeds of his commission, having thus sacrificed his military career to the necessities of eighteen months' idleness, and to that miserable condition of a noble profession which makes it impossible that a gentleman should live by his sword. Alexis reviews the ranks of his acquaintances as he walks Londonward. He has exhausted the bounty of his easy-going and, in some cases, open-handed brother officers. No hope of help there. His foreign education has left him without school friends near at hand. Honest Max or jovial Fritz of Heidelberg might advance him a thaler or a handful of groschen were they within reach, but their normal state is impecuniosity.

There is but one source he has left undrained. Even in this depth of destitution he has not yet appealed to his mother's sole surviving sister, his aunt Louisa, co-heiress with his mother of a rich Manchester manufacturer, and more fortunately married than his mother. Aunt Louisa is the wife of Dudley Gorsuch, barrister, in large practice, and member for Glaseford, in the Potteries, a self-made man, self-important, and worshiping rank and Mammon as the Ammonites worshiped Moloch. On this bleak December morning it occurs to Alexis that Aunt Louisa, being of his mother's kin, must have some green spot in her nature, some place in her heart accessible to softer feeling, were it but the size of a pin's point, and that he, her nephew, destitute and forlorn, ought to be able to find that place.

He has dined at her house when he was a dashing young officer, well dressed, well surrounded; has been entertained bounteously by her, made much of, presented to her friends with some touch of pride, being verily a young man for women to be proud of in his prosperous days. At that happier time Aunt Louisa appeared to him worldly, but good-natured, hospitable, benevolent even.

He is at the bottom of Grosvenor Place by this time, and has made up his mind to try Aunt Louisa.

Mr. and Mrs. Gorsuch live in a street out of Grosvenor Place, too expensive a street for Mr. Gorsuch's means, which are larger in appearance than reality; but a fine house in a fine neighborhood is a standing evidence of wealth, and, as such, is worth all it costs. There are so many things in which prudent, careful people can save money, notably in their meals and the food they give their servants, since these matters appertain to the inner economy of a household, and are secrets to the outer world. Mrs. Gorsuch pinches in all domestic details, even down to scouring-paper. Mr. Gorsuch gives three state dinners in the season, supplied by Gunter, banquets of imposing appearance, but washed down with wines that range from half a crown to four and sixpence per bottle.

Alexis, fully aware of his broken-down appearance, is too wise to put forward his relationship as a claim to be admitted, despite the footman's suspicious look.

He simply asks to see Mrs. Gorsuch, but he gives his real name, Mr. Secretan.

He is left in the hall while the footman communicates with his mistress, whose voice is heard in the library, at the back of the hall.

"She can hardly deny herself, when I can hear her talking," thinks Alexis.

She does not deny herself. The man ushers him into the library—a square apartment with a gloomy outlook, and two pompous book-cases, containing law-books, and a few of those classic authors whose works are more largely bought than read.

A fire burns frostily and cheerily in the bright steel grate. Mrs. Gorsuch sits at the table, with a row of tradesmen's books and a ponderous plated inkstand before her. She has been trying to reconcile discrepancies between the butcher's account of meat delivered and her own idea of the meat that ought to have been consumed. Three pounds of rump steak sit heavily upon her soul. She can not see how those three pounds of butcher's-meat can have been honestly eaten, and she is haunted by the image of an all-devouring policeman—or those blood-suckers, the cook's relatives.

She is a little, dried-up-looking woman, with stiff bands of light auburn hair, pepper-castered with gray; a brown merino gown, a pinched-looking lace cap, and a double eyeglass attached to a chain, which glitters in the rosy light of the fire as she turns to look at her visitor, glass in hand.

"Alex!" she exclaims. "Good heavens, what a change!"

She saw him last as a guest at one of her state dinners, elegant, prosperous-looking, with the easy, self-assured air of a man certain of success in life. She sees him now reduced to the lowest ebb in the tide of man's existence. He comes to her as a beggar. Mendicancy is written on his face.

"Yes, there's a marked decadence from the young man about town, is there not?" he replies. "You see the brand which destitution stamps upon her children. I have fallen very low in the world since I used to come to your swell parties. You were very kind to me in those days, aunt"—Mrs. Gorsuch winces, knowing so well what is coming—"so kind that I have made up my mind to sue for a small kindness to-day. It goes against the grain, but—"

"Before we talk about kindnesses, Alexis, perhaps you will be good enough to explain how you have sunk to this absolutely disreputable condition?" asks Mrs. Gorsuch, looking at her nephew's boots.

"The easiest thing in the world," answers Alexis, with agreeable recklessness. "I have spent all my money, and have not yet acquired the knack of earning more."

He sees dimly that there is little to be hoped from this flesh and blood of his, and that placid despair which is his normal condition enables him to take things easy.

"Earning!" echoes Aunt Louisa, with a bitter sneer. "It isn't in any of your race to earn the bread they eat. My father made his fortune by honest industry; your father thought he honored our family when he exchanged his landless gentility for my sister's thirty thousand pounds. Poor Maud! it was a luckless day that brought him across her path."

"Reserve your pity, Aunt Louisa. My mother's married life was a happy one, I can bear witness to that."

"Happy!" exclaims Mrs. Gorsuch, contemptuously. "Was she in society?"

This question she evidently considers unanswerable. Alexis respects her opinion, and makes no reply.

"Can you compare her position with mine?"

"Certainly not. You have a handsome house in a fashionable street, a bishop for your right-hand neighbor, an earl on your left hand. You have the orthodox establishment of a lady, and all the cares that accompany it. My mother lived a roving life in some of the loveliest places of this earth, and had no servant but the maid who waited on her when she was well, and nursed her when she was ill, and loved her dearly always. My mother's society consisted of the few friends who were faithful to her through all changes of fortune. Those do not count, of course. No, she was not in society; but perhaps when you and she compare notes as to your earthly experiences in a wiser world, you may find that the balance has been more evenly adjusted than you suppose now."

Mrs. Gorsuch has hardly heard him. Her mind is troubled by a grave doubt.

"I hope you did not tell the butler that you are my nephew?" she says, anxiously.

"I had too much discretion for that. And now, aunt, not wishing to intrude myself or my boots"—he has perceived her uneasy glances at those patched offenders against the decencies of life—"upon you longer than is absolutely necessary, I will come to the point. Will you lend me, or give me, ten pounds? If Fate is against me, you may call it a gift; but if Fortune favor me, it shall be repaid tenfold. I needn't tell you how badly I want the money. My appearance testifies to my necessities; but it is not for myself that I am a beggar. It is for my wife, soon to become a mother."

"What!" almost shrieks Mrs. Gorsuch. "Married! Without income or profession, you have linked yourself to some unhappy creature?"

"Yes, we have taken the liberty to unite our destitution. If the worst comes to the worst, the same pan of charcoal that serves for one will accommodate the other."

"Your impiety shocks but does not surprise me," says Mrs. Gorsuch. "Such sinful imprudence could hardly be found in a man of religious principles."

"No, prudence and piety generally go in double harness. Well, aunt, I have my answer. You won't lend or give me the money?"

"In the first place, I have not such a sum to lend. Mr. Gorsuch's position demands the expenditure of our income. We are never in debt," with a shudder, "but we have never any thing to spare. I had to strain every nerve in order to pay our annual contribution to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts."

"And have nothing left for a starving nephew at home?"

"Even if I were in a position to advance you this money—which I repeat I am not—I can not see that your condition would be materially improved by the loan. Where would you be when the money was spent?"

"Exactly where I am now. The money is not for myself, but for my wife. I should not touch a sixpence of it."

"Who was this unfortunate young woman when you married her?"

"Will you lend me ten pounds?" asks Alexis, ignoring the question.

"Sadly to be pitied, poor creature, whoever she was. Some young person of inferior position, I dare say."

"Will you lend me ten pounds?"

"I have already told you that I have no such sum at my disposal, Alexis," replies Mrs. Gorsuch. And then, hesitatingly, reluctantly extracting a coin from a plethoric-looking Russia leather purse, she adds, "If half a sovereign will be of some small assistance—"

"It won't," answers her nephew, abruptly. "I dare say I could make as much in a day by sweeping a crossing, and I shouldn't feel myself so degraded as if I took the money from you. Good-by, Aunt Louisa."

He has opened the door before he concludes, and Aunt Louisa endures agonies for the rest of the day, fearful that the butler, or man-of-all-work, heard that last address. Remorse for her treatment of her nephew troubles her not at all.

"He can not say that I sent him away empty-handed," she reflects. "I offered him half a sovereign."

CHAPTER III.

THE TRUE METAL.

Alexis Secretan turns his back upon the solemn responsibilities of Tubal Street, Grosvenor Place, sick with anger and despair. He is angry with himself rather than with his aunt. He loathes himself for having invited such humiliation.

"I ought to have known her better," he muses. "A woman who gives showy dinners and cheap wines, and talks of her friend the Duchess of Landsend, or the Countess of John-o'-Groat; a woman whose name appears in the subscription list of all the orthodox charities just under the nobility, and who never keeps a servant six months. And yet she is my mother's sister, of the same race; my mother, whose nature was all kindness, and with whom to give was as natural as to breathe."

He stands at Hyde Park Corner, indifferent to the east wind and the falling snow, fine, small snow-flakes that lie unmelted where they fall.

"Now, which way shall I turn myself in search of a friendly soul?" he asks.

He turns southwestward, perhaps to escape that biting easterly blast, and walks toward Brompton, listlessly, hopelessly, walking fast to keep himself warm, but with no settled purpose.

Past the Bell and Horns Tavern he stops and looks up at one of the houses in the high-road, a house with a garden—or railed inclosure, which courtesy calls garden—in front of it, a snowy parallelogram, in which flourish four melancholy bushes, like dwarf cypresses in a grave-yard. The house is neat and bright-looking, and a bill in the parlor window announces that apartments are to be let within.

Alexis opens the gate as if familiar with its structure, goes up to the door hesitatingly, knocks, and asks to see Mr. Plowden. He is ushered forthwith into the back parlor, where a man of about his own age, pale and sickly-looking, sits by an indifferent fire painting a map. A pile of unpainted maps, a battered old tin paint-box and brushes, lie on the table before him. The thin white hand travels dextrously, rapidly over the paper, leaving a delicate line of color behind it.

The map-painter looks up at Alexis, brush in hand, surveys him from head to foot wonderingly, and drops the brush full of color on the map.

"Captain Secretan!" he exclaims. "Is it possible?"

"It's true, at any rate," answers Alexis, holding out his hand, which the other grasps affectionately. "Theoretically impossible, perhaps, but absolutely true. Just wash off that splash of cobalt, Dick. I shouldn't like you to spoil one of your maps on my account."

"I'm so glad to see you," says Richard Plowden, dabbing the map with a sponge rather nervously. "I was afraid you'd quite forgotten me, and that we should never see you here again, either as a lodger or a friend. However, here you are, and I'm heartily glad to see you"—poking the dingy little fire vigorously, and then holding out his hand again to Alexis—"but I'm afraid things haven't been going so well with you as they ought. You look—"

"Poor," interjects Alexis. "You're not far out. Poverty and small-pox are unmistakable diseases. You can see them in a man's face. Before you say another kind word to me, Dick, I must tell you the truth—the naked, unpleasant truth. I come to you as a beggar. Knowing how hard you work for every shilling you earn—knowing what a good fellow you are—good son, good friend, good Christian—I am mean enough to come here and ask you to help me. The worthless drone appeals to the honest, independent bee."

"So far as I can help you," replies Mr. Plowden, with undiminished kindliness, "I am at your service. You were a profitable lodger to my mother and a kind friend to me. It isn't many gentlemen in your position who would have condescended to associate with a lame invalid, who gets his living by painting maps. I know those evenings when you used to come and smoke your pipe down here were some of the happiest in my life."

He walks about the room as he speaks, drags a chair to the fireside for Alexis, takes a loaf of bread, a bottle of anchovies, a pat of butter, and a bottle of ginger wine out of the chiffonnier, spreads a napkin, and arranges this temperate refreshment on one side of the table, pushing his maps and color-box to the other. He walks lame, but is active and hardy notwithstanding.

"Do you suppose I should have spent many evenings with you if I had not found your company pleasant, Dick?" says Alexis, lightly. "I found that you had read more and thought more than any fellow of my acquaintance, and it was refreshing to me to hear your ideas upon all manner of subjects. And then I flattered myself that you liked me, and were pleased with my talk of the gay world; above all, about that stage you love so well and see so little of. Do you remember how we used to discuss the actors of the day, Dick, and settle how Shakspeare ought to be interpreted?"

"Do you think I can ever forget?" asks Richard Plowden. "I've not so many friends that I can afford to forget the one who was the first to tell me I had a mind. Do you know, Captain Secretan, that I've had the impertinence to write a book since then? Do peg into those anchovies, captain, and don't mind cutting the knobs off the loaf. I like crumb as well as crust."

"A book, Dick? An essay on the genius of Shakspeare?"

"Nothing so ambitious, or so unlikely to sell. A geography for schools on a new system. It

is not published yet, but I have reason to believe that it will be, and that I shall make a little money by it. So you may have less compunction in borrowing a pound or two."

"Dear old Dick!" exclaims Alexis, who has been doing ample justice to the anchovies and bread and butter, and warming himself with a glass of ginger wine. "Unhappily it is not a question of a pound or two. I want ten pounds."

Richard Plowden's countenance falls. It is not that he would measure his friendship, but ten pounds is an awful sum.

"If I ever can repay it I will, and with interest at a more than usurious rate. But it is almost a mockery to talk of repayment in my present condition."

Richard limps to the chiffonnier without a word, takes out a little japanned cash-box, unlocks it, and extracts therefrom a five-pound note and five sovereigns.

"I had the money ready for the Christmas rent," he says, "but you are welcome to it. We shall be able to rub along without it, I dare say."

What pinching and deprivation this rubbing along process will cost, Alexis can pretty well guess, for he has seen how the Widow Plowden and her son live at the best of times.

He takes the money with a faltering hand, and turns away his face to hide the tears that disfigure it, the first that he has shed since he wept for his mother's death.

Presently he grows cheerful again, resumes his seat, finishes his luncheon, and then tells Richard Plowden the story of his decadence—an unvarnished tale, which his humble friend hears with deepest interest.

"If you could put me in the way of earning a few shillings a week by any kind of labor, however humble, you would be doing me even a greater favor than you have done me this day; and yet, knowing your circumstances as I do, I feel as if you had given me ten years of your life instead of ten pounds."

Richard Plowden promises that he will turn the matter over in his mind, and see what he can do; and so the two young men part as firm friends as in the days when Mrs. Plowden's first-floor lodger, the dashing young captain, was the object of her son's affectionate admiration, his ideal of all that is noble and splendid in manhood.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE idea of summer schools of natural history in the United States, first started at Penikese by Professor AGASSIZ, seems likely to be carried into effect in numerous portions of the country, especially as the Penikese establishment can not be prosecuted on account of the want of the necessary funds. Such a school is proposed, under the auspices of the Scientific Association of Peoria, at Peoria, Illinois; and we now learn that the Kirtland Society of Natural History, at Cleveland, Ohio, is contemplating a similar step. In an article by Professor COMSTOCK on the subject, it is remarked that the latter laboratory will probably be opened by the society in July, for instruction in natural history, zoology more particularly; but botany will also be attended to if enough applications are made to warrant the necessary arrangements. The teachers of Northern Ohio will have the preference among applicants if a selection is made necessary. There will be no charge for tuition, as the instructors will give their services gratuitously, while a single fee will entitle the holder of a general ticket to all the privileges of the laboratories, lecture-rooms, and excursions. It is proposed to keep the laboratory open for instruction about four hours daily for a month, and proper arrangements for lake dredging and other outdoor work will be made.

Professor COMSTOCK invites communications to be sent to him at Cleveland. The site of the station will probably be on some one of the islands in Lake Erie.

The death of Conseiller JOAQUIM HENRIQUES TRADESSA DA SILVERIA, Director of the Meteorological Observatory at Lisbon, is announced as having taken place on the 21st of May, after a long and painful illness. He is succeeded by Professor CARLOS DI BRISTO CAPELLO.

During the past winter attention was directed in Norway to the falling of dust from the atmosphere, which at first was supposed to be of meteoric origin; but Professor KJERULF decided that it was more likely to have been disseminated from some active volcano. The precise source was unknown; but from the direction of the wind, and the known conditions, it was suspected that some volcano in Iceland was concerned. This surmise has been confirmed by the more recent advices from that country, which report a very remarkable series of volcanic phenomena, first commenced by earthquakes, then followed by an eruption accompanied by dust and ashes. On March 29 the fall of the ashes was so excessive that it covered the eastern country-sides, Jökuldal especially, with a coat six inches in thickness, and all that day, although it was bright and sunny, the people were in absolute "pitch" darkness. Fountains and rivulets were dammed by the ashes, and every mountain stream ran dark and muddy between banks covered with drifts of ashes. The farmers fled out of the ash-covered country-sides with their cattle, in search of pastures not yet destroyed by the *scoriæ*, but with what chance of saving their live stock does not appear.

There is no calculating the extent of this calamity, nor its effect upon the habitable portions of Iceland, although from present appearances it threatens to be extremely wide-spread.

The steamer *Pandora* left Portsmouth on the 26th of June, for the purpose of prosecuting arctic research, but more particularly to claim, if possible, the reward recently offered by Lady FRANKLIN for the journals and other records of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN. This is a vessel of four hundred tons, and was fitted out by Captain ALLEN YOUNG, (now her commander), Lady FRANKLIN, and Mr. JAMES GORDON BENNETT. She will proceed to Disco, in Greenland, and thence to the west coast of Baffin Bay, and possibly to King William's Land, where the relics of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN brought home by Sir LEOPOLD M'CLINTOCK and Captain HALL were obtained.

Captain YOUNG was sailing-master of M'CLINTOCK's ship, the *Fox*, and is said to be a thoroughly experienced arctic traveler. The vessel carries as volunteers Lieutenant LILLINGSTON, of the British navy, Lieutenant BEYMAN, of the Dutch navy, and also Esquimau JOE, so long known in the United States from his having been for many years the companion of Captain HALL.

The annual meeting of the French astronomers, required by the present organization of the astronomical service of the French government, took place recently in Paris, under the presidency of LEVERRIER. New observatories are to be erected at Bordeaux and at Toulouse, and a physical observatory is to be created in Paris or its vicinity.

The death of Sir WILLIAM E. LOGAN, at the age of seventy-eight, took place at Montreal on the 28th of June last. His parents were originally residents of Schenectady, New York, but sympathizing with the royalists in the Revolutionary war, they removed to Montreal, which was Sir WILLIAM's birth-place. He was educated at Edinburgh, and in 1829 entered upon the profession of a mining engineer at Swansea, Wales, where he made accurate maps of the Swansea coal-fields. In 1841 he came to the United States for the purpose of studying the coal mines of Pennsylvania, and afterward those of Nova Scotia. He was appointed chief of the Geological Survey of Canada in 1842, an office which he held until 1870, when he resigned in favor of Professor SELWYN, the present occupant. Sir WILLIAM LOGAN held a high rank as geologist, and made many important discoveries, especially in reference to the Laurentian formations of Canada and the United States. He was well known in this country, having frequently visited it, and spent much of his time in investigating its geological features. For many years he was a regular attendant at the meetings of the American Association of Science, where his affability and genial disposition made him numerous friends.

The Italian Geographical Society has joined with the Geographical Society of France in the attempt to determine the possibility of introducing the waters of the sea into the hollow basins or "chotts" of the Sahara, and has sent an expedition of its own for the investigation. This is to be divided into two parties at Gades, one of which is to explore the oasis of Gerid, and carry on some interesting collateral researches among the ruins of Carthage, particularly the remains of the aqueducts, and the remarkable lead mountain of Gebel Drucas. This party has already determined satisfactorily that there are several basins decidedly below the level of the Mediterranean.

The very beautiful solar drawings published in the American and Italian journals by Professor LANGLEY, of Allegheny, together with the announcement of the conclusions reached by him from his study of the solar spots, have called forth some remarks by SECCHI, of Rome, in which the latter seems to claim a certain amount of priority in respect to the ideas of LANGLEY, and to maintain that they agree with each other to a very considerable extent. This, however, can only be true in case SECCHI relinquishes certain of his long-held theories, and it is, therefore, satisfactory to put on record his conversion to the views of Professor LANGLEY.

Mathematicians will be interested in the announcement that CHASLES is reprinting a new edition, without alteration, of his celebrated work on the history of mathematics.

The death of Mr. THOMAS WEBSTER, an eminent patent lawyer of London, took place on the 3d of June, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

Some time since we mentioned the discovery by the Rev. Mr. HARVEY, of St. Johns, Newfoundland, of a giant cuttle-fish off the coast of that island. We now learn from him that a still larger one was cast ashore on the Grand Bank, near Fortune Bay, in December last. The larger arms measured twenty-six feet each, with a circumference of sixteen inches, the short arms being about one-third that length with the same circumference. The total length of the body was fourteen feet. No portion was preserved excepting the beak and one sucker, which is an inch in diameter. The fishermen carried it off as food for their dogs. The specimens preserved will probably be sent to Professor VERRILL, of Yale College, for comparison with what he has of the first one.

The question as to whether the young salmon hatched from eggs taken some years ago from England to Tasmania have sustained themselves, and about which there had been much doubt, has lately been satisfactorily solved by the actual capture of a salmon in the Derwent River weighing eleven pounds ten ounces.

We have already referred to the establishment of an Egyptian geographical society, under the name of the Société Khédivale de Géographie, organized by Dr. SCHWEINFURTH, by the direction of the Khedive, who has placed at its disposal a handsome suit of apartments, with a valuable library, subscribing at the same time $2000 a year to the funds.

M. ST. ROBERT, of France, has published the concluding volume of his memoirs, among which we notice a new formula for determining the altitude for barometric observations. This formula embodies the results of GLAISHER's balloon observations.

The death of Professor JOSEPH WINLOCK, Director of the Observatory of Harvard College, took place on the 11th of June, at the age of forty-nine. He was a graduate of Shelby College, Kentucky, of which he was appointed Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy, where he remained until 1852, and then removed to Cambridge, Massachusetts, to assist in the computation of the *American Nautical Almanac*, under Admiral DAVIS. In 1857 he was appointed Professor of Mathematics in the Navy, and was stationed at the Naval Observatory in Washington as Superintendent of the *Nautical Almanac*, and subsequently as Director of the mathematical department of the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

In the early period of the war he was again made Superintendent of the *Nautical Almanac*, after which he became Director of the Observatory of Harvard College, and Phillips Professor of Astronomy, succeeding Professors WILLIAM C. and GEORGE P. BOND.

Some months before his death he was appointed chairman of a Congressional commission for investigating the causes of steam-boiler explosions. Professor WINLOCK's record as an astronomer was very high, and he was especially distinguished for his ingenuity as a constructor and inventor of devices for improving the methods and qualities of astronomical manipulation. In addition to papers of the annals of the Harvard Observatory he prepared a series of tables on the planet Mercury, and published various essays in the *American Journal of Science* and elsewhere.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

AUGUST.

Sunday, 8.—Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 15.—Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 22.—Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday, 24.—St. Bartholomew.
Sunday, 29.—Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.

SEPTEMBER.

Sunday, 5.—Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 12.—Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 19.—Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday, 21.—St. Matthew.
Sunday, 26.—Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Wednesday, 29.—St. Michael and All Angels.

THE common-school controversy has entered on a new phase in the city of Rochester, in this State. The Board of Education has ordered the reading of the Bible, as a part of the school exercises, to be discontinued. A number of the Protestant ministers of the city have signed a petition asking the board to reverse its action; others, again, side with the board. Sermons are preached which take opposing views. The Rev. Dr. SPROULE (Presbyterian) and the Rev. E. NISBET (Baptist) declare for the retention of the Bible; the Rev. H. L. MOREHOUSE (Baptist) and the Rev. R. M. STRATTON (Methodist) approve its exclusion. Bishop COXE, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, took strong ground in a recent sermon against the action of the board. The reading of a chapter of the Bible, repeating the Lord's Prayer, and singing a hymn he thought not offensive to any one, not even to the Jewish people, and he could not believe that the prohibition was called for upon any ground of good morals or the best interests of society. There is evidently a great division of sentiment among the denominations represented in Rochester on the subject.

At a Consistory, held July 5, the Pope appointed Dr. HERRERA Bishop of Santiago de Cuba; Dr. ROMERO Bishop of Santa Maria, in New Granada; Dr. CAVAEZ Bishop of Puno, in Peru; Dr. CROKE Bishop of Cashel, in Ireland; and Dr. DOUTRELOUX Bishop of Gerra, *in partibus* and coadjutor.

The long-contemplated meeting of Presbyterians in London, for the purpose of forming a more perfect union, was held July 21. A preliminary meeting took place on the evening of July 20. Over one hundred delegates were present, representing Presbyterian churches in all parts of the world. It was agreed to form an "Alliance" of all Presbyterians. The objects of the Alliance will be to help weak churches, to disseminate information, to commend the Presbyterian system, and to effect a combined resistance to the spread of prevalent vices. The Presbyterian population of the world is estimated at 30,000,000, a little less than a third of the population of all Protestantism.

A terrible outbreak of religious fanaticism has occurred at San Miguel, a city of 40,000 inhabitants, in the republic of San Salvador. The government had refused to allow a violent pastoral, written by the presiding bishop, to be read in the churches. During the excitement created by this refusal, a priest named PALACIOS delivered a sermon in which he denounced the state authorities. The mob, thus encouraged, rose, broke open the prison, liberating 200 convicts, assailed the garrison, killed Generals ESPINOSA and CASTRO, and ended by setting fire to sixteen houses. The British ship of war *Fantome* opportunely arrived at La Union, the nearest port, where she landed her marines. The garrison of La Union, thus relieved, marched to San Miguel, and with the help of other troops put down the mob. The priest PALACIOS was arrested. President GONZALEZ has expressed a determination to punish the perpetrators of the outrages. The cable telegram says: "One curious and incredible discovery was made after the murderous affair was over, namely, that on the persons of some of the dead rebels were found passports, which, when translated, read as follows: 'PETER, open to the bearer, who has died for religion, the gates of heaven.' These were signed GEORGE, Bishop of San Salvador, and sealed with the seal of the bishopric of San Salvador."

At the second annual meeting of the Council of American Hebrew Congregations, which began at Buffalo July 13, the retiring president, Mr. LOTH, recommended the consideration of means for securing a better observance of the Sabbath, the formation of Bible classes, and the organization of a young ladies' seminary. The Council decided to admit to the Hebrew College young men who do not intend to enter the ministry.

The trouble certain to follow the coming into operation of the Public Worship Regulation Act has already broken out in England. The Rev. P. DALE, the rector of St. Vedast's Church, London, has been cited to appear before his bishop on the charge of infringing the act. The Rev. Mr. IVES, of the Church of the Nativity, Brighton, has declared that no power on earth should make him acknowledge the new law. Archdeacon DENISON, preaching at Frome, denounced the law and said it would never put down ritualism. Two vicars at Richmond, Surrey, are to be proceeded against, one of them a Low-Churchman, for neglecting to open his church for daily prayer.

The Young Men's Christian Association building in Philadelphia, the corner-stone of which has recently been laid, will cost, it is estimated, $420,000. It will be 72 feet in front by 230 in depth. It is very eligibly placed on the corner of Chestnut and Fifteenth streets. The members of the association anticipate that the revenue from the rent of the stores and offices in the building will be very large.

Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY have been invited to visit the camp-meeting at Round Lake in September next.

The Honolulu *Friend* says that from the fifty families of missionaries who have labored on the Sandwich Islands more than twice that number of persons have been sent back to America, where they fill respectable positions. The islands are represented "abroad by two EMERSONS and a LYONS as physicians; a CASTLE and an ARMSTRONG as lawyers; an EMERSON, six GULICKS, a THURSTON, and six others as clergymen."

The Christian feeling of England has recently been expressed with some emphasis against the opium trade now carried on between British India and China. There are two features of the policy of the government selected for attack—(1) the production and sale of opium by the British authorities in East India; (2) the forcing of the Chinese to take the opium by the provisions of the treaty of 1860. In the recent debate in Parliament on this subject, Sir GEORGE BALFOUR, who was engaged in the war with China, expressed a doubt of the sincerity of the opposition of the Chinese authorities to the introduction of this drug. Lord HAMILTON questioned the noxious effects of opium-smoking. On this point, however, Mr. WADE, the British minister at Pekin, gives the following testimony:

"It is to me vain to think otherwise of the use of the drug in China than as of a habit many times more pernicious, nationally speaking, than the gin and whisky drinking which we deplore at home. It takes possession more insidiously, and keeps its hold to the full as tenaciously. I know no case of radical cure. It has insured, in every case within my knowledge, the steady descent, moral and physical, of the smoker; and it is so far a greater mischief than drink that it does not, by external evidence of its effect, expose its victim to the loss of repute, which is the penalty of habitual drunkenness."

During the three years which have elapsed since 1872 there have been raised by the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the support of their twelve bishops $93,262. The total expenditure during that period for their support has been $170,714, making a deficiency of $77,451. According to the order of the last General Conference, this deficiency must be paid by the Book Concern.

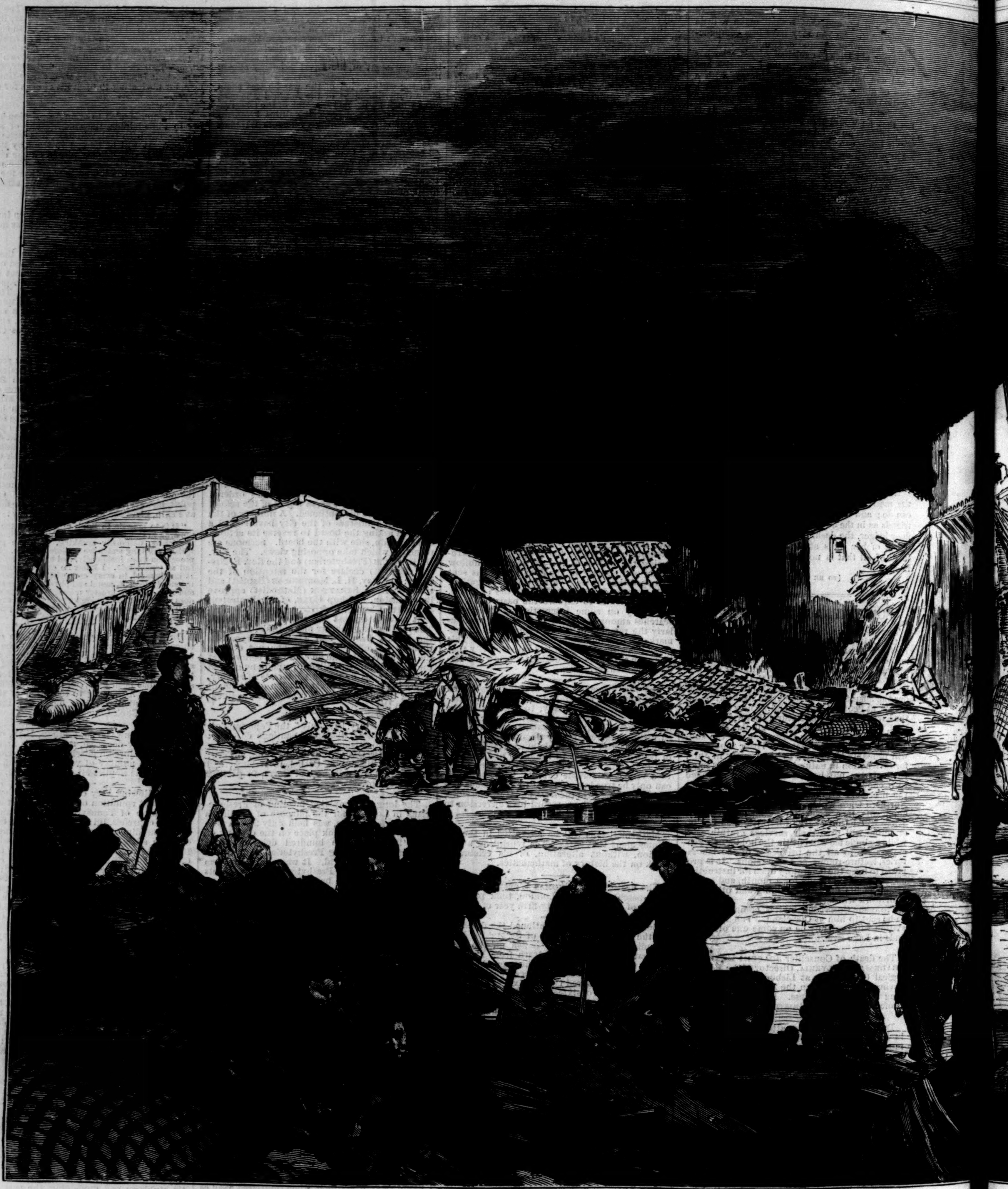
The Rev. SEWALL M. OSGOOD, D.D., of Chicago, recently deceased, received his first commission as a foreign missionary forty years ago. He spent a number of years in Burmah in the service of the Baptist Missionary Union.

The following very complete statistics show the present condition of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Pennsylvania: Communicants, 20,906; churches, 101; sittings, 58,282; Sunday-school buildings, 47; parsonages, 48; cemeteries, 41; free sittings, 12,436; chapels, 11—sittings, 1570. Pew rents, $258,057 06; offertory at Holy Communion, $28,679 94; collections in church, $128,520 58; subscriptions, $323,795 80; other sources, $78,599 72; donations, $30,819 94. Aggregate value of the property of the parishes, $5,957,300; mortgages on property of the parishes, $201,748 46; other indebtedness, $96,627 43; principal of ground rents, $202,331 36. Current expenses, including salaries of rectors, $339,706; repairs and improvements, $60,331 12; payments of debts, $32,615 76.

According to a table issued by the Presbyterian press at Shanghai, the number of ordained Protestant missionaries in China is—American, 84; English and Canadian, 82; German, 16: total, 182. In Japan—American, 32; English, Scotch, and Canadian, 12: total, 44. The whole number of Protestant societies represented in Japan is 11. The whole number of churches is 48, distributed thus—at Jeddo, 18; Osaka, 7; Yokohama, 11; Nagasaki, 4; Hakodadi, 2; Kobe, 5; Shidzuoka, 1.

An article in the London *Quarterly Review* convicts Dr. MANNING of either "the simplicity of ignorance" or "a repeated absence of conformity to patent facts."

The fraternal Methodist meeting which closed the services at Round Lake was just as hearty this year as in 1874. Dr. M'FERRIN, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, said: "I know the spirit and tone and feeling of our people, and while there are a few who seem to be a little stubborn and unyielding, the vast body of them, ministers and members, are for coming closer and closer together." Dr. GREEN, of Canada, said: "The New Connection and Wesleyan Methodists are now one body. The Canada Conference and the Eastern British American Conference have also agreed upon a common platform. The Primitive and Episcopal Methodists are agitating the subject, and will probably soon join us." Bishop JONES, of the African Methodist Zion Church, stated that it now numbers 1200 preachers and 225,000 members. Bishop MILES put the members of the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church at 80,000. Both bishops represented their churches as prospering, and desirous of fraternal relations with other Methodist bodies. The Methodist Protestant Church was represented by the Rev. Dr. DRINKHOUSE, who said that Methodist Protestants (organized in two churches) number 145,000 members. All the speakers declared for a closer fraternity. Finally, a third meeting was appointed for 1876 at Round Lake.



THE FLOODS IN FRANCE—THE RUE VILL...VE,

THE FLOODS IN FRANCE.

Rarely do we have to record such a terrible calamity as the almost unprecedented inundation which swept the bed of the Garonne on the night of the 23d of June. Entire villages were carried away, vineyards and fields of grain hopelessly devastated, whole herds of cattle drowned, while the loss of human life has scarcely yet been ascertained, the rough estimate being that nearly two thousand persons perished. Toulouse has been the principal sufferer, the whole quarter of St. Cyprien, situated on the right bank of the Garonne, opposite the town proper, being utterly destroyed on that fatal night. Our view of Toulouse shows the aspect of one of the principal streets of the town, and will give the reader some idea of the awful ruin and desolation caused by the flood as it swept through the narrow streets, carrying every thing before it in its resistless course. St. Cyprien contained a population of some 30,000, mostly composed of work-people and the humbler classes in general, as it was mainly in this neighborhood the factories were situated. As this quarter lies somewhat low, its inhabitants were not wholly unaccustomed to slight inundations, but as they only occurred once in twenty years or so, they were reckoned of little importance, and few or no precautions were taken against them.

Thus, when on the evening of June 23 the river rose to an unusual height, the streets speedily became flooded, and in an hour the whole quarter was submerged. The inhabitants had no time to escape from their houses; three of the bridges communicating with the opposite shore were swept away, and though the authorities did all that could be done to assist the sufferers, the darkness of the night, the force of the current, and the huge pieces of wreck rendered the navigation of small boats extremely dangerous. The houses, also, being mostly of modern construction, were unable to resist the stream; six hundred fell during the night, burying their inmates beneath the ruins to the number of nine hundred, while the remainder were mostly rendered mere shells, and only escaped the waters to be subsequently pulled down as useless and dangerous ruins. The crash of falling houses and the cries of the victims resounded throughout the night, and stirring tales of heroism are told on the part of their fellow-townsmen and the soldiery, who in punts and mere cockle-shells strove to stem the torrent to rescue the inmates of the flooded houses. Numbers lost their lives in this work of mercy, and among them a French nobleman, the Marquis d'Hautpoul.

Next morning the waters began to subside, but the ruin they left behind them may be imagined from our illustration. The thickly populated quarter appear... a huge necropolis; ... latter, as many a fall... for its inmates. T... worthy promptitude ... work to clear the ru... sible the remaining ... habitants, to pull do... ous buildings, and l... the corpses of the d... most pitiable. The s... seous, slimy mud, a... were strewn with w... surrounding country, ... with the bodies of a s...

LL VE, TOULOUSE, AFTER THE INUNDATION.

bombarded city or well resembled the had proved a tomb horities with praise- set the soldiery to rescue as far as pos- the unfortunate in- blow up the danger- not least, to dig out The whole scene was were lined with a nau- addition to the ruins, brought from the showman's caravan, antess and a dancing girl still in their costume of velvet and spangles, to a neatly packed chest of drawers swept from a cottage many miles up the river. In the ruins of one house might be seen its former inmates calmly contemplating their wrecked household; in another the family were actually attempting to camp; while in a third the survivors, less resigned, would be frantically searching for their goods and chattels, or, sadder still, the corpse of some lost loved one. Every where were the soldiery busily at work, and every where the bodies of the victims were being carried to the hospital, there to be photographed, and subsequently interred as speedily as possible, lest an epidemic should break out, the stench being already disagreeably perceptible. One of the saddest sights was the cemetery, where the waters had committed great havoc, filling the tombs, overturning the monuments, and scattering the coffins and their inmates broadcast.

The utmost sympathy was manifested by the more fortunate inhabitants across the river, who rendered all the assistance possible, and in addition to subscriptions sent omnibuses round the town to collect clothing for the sufferers. Mournful episodes met the eye at every turn. One incident, however, was at once sad and amusing. Some soldiers busily excavating heard a stifled sound of "Papa;" redoubling their energy, they strove to release the buried victim, and after nearly an hour's labor disinterred a parrot. It is scarcely necessary to say that the bird was at once adopted by the regiment.

We have spoken only of Toulouse; but the whole of the region through which the Garonne and other rivers which flow westward from the northern slope of the Pyrenees suffered more or less. Thus Bagnères-en-Bigorre was inundated, while at Tarbes the massive stone bridge was rendered a useless wreck. In the flooded plain between St. Jory and Castelnau, a boat containing fifteen persons came into collision with a poplar-tree and was upset. Fourteen of these were drowned, and the survivor, a girl fifteen years of age, has lost her reason. At Auterive a family of four persons took refuge in the branches of an elm, a great part of which was swept away by the torrent, and the four people clinging to its branches were drowned. At Roques and at Pinsaguel, it is stated, the crosses, the statues of the Virgin, and the images of the saints are the only things that the waters have spared. A poor peasant woman in this district remarked, "God punishes France. In the north it has been war; in the south it is the inundations. It is time for us to open our eyes." At St. Gaudens a Newfoundland dog saved in succession twelve persons, dashing into the rushing torrent bravely; but making the attempt a thirteenth time, the poor animal was drowned. In conclusion, we

would urge our readers to contribute to the relief fund which is being raised for the benefit of the sufferers, who, where they have not lost hearth and home, have had their crops both of corn and wine utterly destroyed.

DONALDSON'S FATE.

Our illustration of the last balloon ascent made by Mr. Donaldson derives a melancholy interest from the uncertainty which still surrounds the fate of this intrepid voyager of the air. There is every reason to fear that he and his companion, Mr. Grimwood, of the Chicago *Journal*, perished in the fearful hurricane which swept over Lake Michigan the night after the ascension.

The balloon ascended from the Chicago Hippodrome exhibition grounds, on the lake shore, at half past four o'clock Thursday afternoon, July 15. There was a southwest wind, but it must have been light or variable, for at seven o'clock the balloon was seen within about thirty miles of Chicago. It was then in the water, but soon rose and disappeared. In the course of the night there was a fearful tempest from the northern end of the lake. If the balloon was overtaken by this while the basket was dragging in the water, there could have been but one result.

The departure of the balloon, according to the Chicago papers, was full of evil augury. The balloon itself was in wretched condition. It had been used in many other cities during the present season, and rents and patches all over its sides betokened rough usage and negligent repairs. It was attached by old cordage to a crazy wicker basket, and presented an appearance of shabbiness and debility which ought to have deterred the aeronauts from risking their lives in the ascent. It is said that Donaldson was himself averse to going up, and was in a very nervous state when the start was made.

On Friday morning, according to the Chicago *Tribune*, there was early and anxious inquiry at the Hippodrome for the adventurous pair. To the first as well as the latest questioner Mr. Barnum's agents could only reply with an expression of hopefulness. Donaldson had survived such momentous perils in the past, had come out scathless from so many hand-to-hand encounters with death, that there was excuse enough for being confident. But when, later in the day, a coasting schooner brought news of the balloon's dire peril at an early hour of the night, some time before it was called upon to stand the tremendous shock of the tempest, hope for the voyagers' safety gave place to a reluctant belief that they had both perished. The *Little Guide*, a small craft employed in the lumber and tan-bark trade, entered the port of Chicago about nine o'clock. Upon her arrival her captain, a Swede named Anderssen, and his mate, a compatriot named Rasmussen, both told how at seven o'clock on Thursday evening, when off Grosse Point, some twelve miles north of Chicago, and while standing out thirty miles from shore, they had seen the balloon dropping its car once in a while into the lake, only some mile and a half distant from their vessel. Realizing the dangerous situation of the aeronauts, Captain Anderssen headed his schooner in their direction. But before he could overtake the machine, which was bounding at a rapid rate on the water, there was a sudden lightening of the car, and the globe shot upward to a great height, soon disappearing altogether from the view of the crew of the schooner.

It is apparent that even at this early stage the balloon had lost much of its carrying power, and hovered on the very surface of the lake, dragging the car over the crests of the waves. What it was that Donaldson threw overboard to lighten his craft we perhaps shall never know. It is not impossible that his unfortunate companion relinquished his hold, and, bewildered by the fury of the race across the hungry plain of waters, fell out of the car and so perished. There can be no doubt that Donaldson, the hero of many ascensions, did all that could be done under the circumstances to save his companion and himself. He was a brave man, and although inclined to recklessness, possessed more judgment and caution than he has been generally credited with.

HUGH MELTON:

A Story.

By KATHARINE KING,

Author of "Our Detachment," "The Queen of the Regiment," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

CAMERON'S VISITOR.

There are drawbacks to every place, and the drawback to A—— was, as far as I was concerned, that it did not agree with me. The intense heat brought on a kind of low fever, which, though it did not quite lay me up, yet made every pursuit, whether in connection with my duty or otherwise, a burden to me. Our medico assured me I should soon get over it; in the mean time I had better keep quiet, and avoid all exertion during the heat of the day.

So it chanced that one day, as I was lounging in an easy-chair by my window, getting the benefit of the cool breeze that at that hour (it was half past seven in the evening) was beginning to steal down from the mountains, I heard a vehicle approaching the barracks. Curiosity prompted me to raise a corner of the mat that shaded the window and look out. My window commanded a view of the drive up the compound to the door, and I saw a kind of covered carriage of primitive and dilapidated appearance driving up. It stopped at the door, and then I, still keeping myself concealed, saw seated inside a very handsome woman.

But who could she be coming to see? Every one was out with the exception of myself—Hugh sketching, a lot of the others shooting, and Cameron, I thought, visiting. As for me, I had never set eyes on this lady before; so certainly her visit was not intended for me. I did not hear for whom she asked, but in a few minutes Cameron appeared, and then I saw I had been mistaken in supposing him away. He handed her out, and before she disappeared with him through the doorway I obtained even a better view of her than I had at first been able to do.

She was tall, with a perfect figure, which was displayed to the greatest advantage by a light muslin dress, over which was thrown carelessly a magnificent black lace shawl, that rather enhanced than concealed the effect. In stepping out of the carriage she displayed a slender foot, with an instep arched as that of an Arab, while the hand that rested ungloved on his arm was small and white, the taper fingers sparkling with jewels. A perfect hand it was, and you would have said, had you not seen the face, it must have belonged to a lady. As to her face, it was gloriously beautiful, complete in every feature, and wanting only the nameless charm of refinement, without which beauty is to some minds valueless. Imagine a broad white brow, with penciled eyebrows of the most perfect form surmounting eyes large and dark as a gazelle's; a peach-like bloom on her cheeks set off the clear olive complexion; while her mouth would have been lovely, showing as it did when she smiled the most perfect teeth, had it not been for the indescribable expression, more visible in the mouth than elsewhere, that we call want of refinement—imagine such a face surrounded by a profusion of raven hair, which was ornamented with the daintiest tulle bonnet, the head set gracefully on the most queenly form, and you will have some idea of the personal appearance of Cameron's strange visitor.

As she entered the doorway she spoke, and her voice sounded soft and sweet, "that most excellent thing in a woman," as it reached me; while her laugh, in answer to some remark of Cameron's, was clear and silvery: very pleasant to listen to, I thought, as I lay back in my chair thinking of that perfect face, and deciding that whatever want of refinement it indicated, it must be in mind and not in manner, as her voice and laugh convinced me that outwardly at least she was all a lady ought to be. I lay lazily in my chair by the open window, listening dreamily to the hum of voices in Cameron's room, next mine, and feeling a kind of vague pleasure in the sound of low laughter that stole out now and then on the evening air.

Presently they moved near the window, which was beside mine, not more than a yard distant at most, and I heard the woman's voice say, in persuasive accents that I am sure would have found their way round any man's heart:

"And now, dear, tell me all about this Maud Meares, that some one said you were going to marry. I only laughed when I heard it; I couldn't doubt you; still I thought when I saw you I would ask about it."

As the name of Cameron's betrothed fell on my ears I began to listen attentively; in fact, the whole sentence was so extraordinary, and this fascinating being's relation to Cameron seemed so equivocal, that I had little difficulty in persuading myself that for Miss Meares's sake, even if not for Hugh's, I was quite right to play the part of eavesdropper. Besides, I argued, if I find there is nothing wrong, it can not matter my having listened or not. If, on the contrary, there is any thing not quite as it ought to be, the sooner it is found out and that fellow's little game put a stop to the better. Drawing my easy-chair, therefore, nearer to the window, and leaning a little outside, I prepared myself for what, even when making the best of it, I felt to be not an honorable occupation.

Cameron laughed a little at her question, and answered in a more cynical manner than I could have fancied any man would have used to such a woman:

"You were right not to mind what any fellow might report about me. You know we are married; so you are safe whatever may happen, though no one knows how we stand with regard to one another. You have kept our secret, I hope?" he added, with some sternness.

"Indeed, Edward, I have," she replied, earnestly, "though why I should do so I can't see. And when I hear such things said of you I do long to hold up my head boldly, looking people in the face, as I have a right to do, and saying, 'Your stories are false; I am his wife, and no woman shall come between us while I live.'"

"Well, well," he answered, in an impatient, bored manner—for which I felt it in my heart to kick him, so much had my sympathies been enlisted by the sweet wifely words and tender caressing manner of the beautiful stranger—"you know I don't like declamation or heroics; they bore me; and you are getting a little into that style now and then. Try and get out of it, dear. As to why our marriage should be kept a secret, I told you long ago that my embarrassments would not permit me to declare it; as to this report, why, you must encourage it as much as you can, as at present it is my only help in keeping my head above-water. The Jews will wait, in hopes of reaping a golden harvest when it comes off, as this Miss Meares is a great heiress. Indeed, I have been thinking that it would not be a bad move for either you or me could it be accomplished."

There was a pause after this sentence, during which interval of silence a feeling of horror stole over me of this fair, calm-looking man, with his quiet, gentle ways, his smooth, persuasive voice, and his womanish attention to personal appearance, who concealed a soul so vile, a mind so base, as not only to plan such a scheme, but to dare to talk over it boldly and openly with his young wife.

The dead silence was at last broken by that sweet voice, saying, in a hesitating tone that told an eloquent tale of horror, astonishment, and pain:

"I—I—don't quite understand you, Edward, I think. Surely I can't have heard aright!"

"Oh yes, quite right," he answered, with a laugh that sounded unpleasantly sneering. "You needn't look shocked; no harm can come to you whatever I do. Remember you are quite safe, and don't trouble your head about this Miss Meares, who is, after all, the only one to be pitied. What I want you to do is this: I am engaged to marry this Miss Meares—have been so, in fact, since we were children—and had no right to marry you. Now if you are only wise and keep our secret, what is to prevent my marrying this girl in England? I shall never bring her out here, and her money will enable me to give you those luxuries I have so long wished to shower upon the only woman I ever met who had sufficient attraction for me to induce me to forego the brilliant future opened out before me as the husband of the heiress Maud Meares. It is only my love for you that makes me desire this. Other men can adorn those they love with jewels and costly garments, as I would like to do my beautiful darling, while I, with all the affection I feel for you, have never been able to give you more than those few paltry trinkets that look so unworthy the beauty they adorn. And it will not harm Miss Meares either. No one will know of your existence, and she will certainly have the best of the position as my wife. After all, in other countries men may have more wives than one, though our stupid laws are against it. Still, I don't see the harm if it can be managed."

He laughed sneeringly and brutally as he finished, but a low wailing cry from his wife interrupted him.

"Oh, Edward, Edward, don't say that! What is the matter with you to-day? Don't you know that you are proposing a fearful crime? If you love me, how can you think for a moment of marrying this other woman, and letting her usurp my rightful place, no matter how great her wealth? And if you do not love me, or have found the love of your childhood dearer and sweeter than mine, how have you foresworn yourself and deceived me! Tell me, what is she like, this English heiress, with a store of gold vast enough to buy men's affection, or at least the semblance of it?"

The piteous tone died out of her voice as she asked this last question in eager jealous accents that quivered, in spite of a brave effort to be calm.

"What is she like?" he asked, lazily; and I heard him strike a fusee, preparatory to lighting a cheroot. "Well, that is a more sensible question than the tragedy-queen performance you began with, so I'll answer it. Let me see: she is small and slight; a beautiful little figure; very fair, with lots of lovely golden hair, all in loose waves like yours, but the most delicious gold-color. Indeed, her whole coloring is very brilliant and delicate, quite like one of the dainty little figures one sees sometimes in Sèvres china. As a rule, heiresses are ugly and vulgar-looking, but she's a remarkable exception to the rule."

He ceased speaking with the same lazy sang-froid; but she went on, passionately:

"Oh, why did you ever tell me you loved me! Your heart is with this blonde beauty, born to a happier fate than mine; for you love her, as she doubtless loves you, but not as I loved you—not as I love you," she corrected herself—"I, a child of this burning climate, with warmer love and fiercer hate, more intense affections, more cruel jealousy, than her cold Northern nature can feel. Was not my future dark enough, without my paltry beauty catching your idle fancy, to be the toy of a fleeting passion, and to be flung aside when you wearied of it?"

"Hush!" he said, impatiently, interrupting her. "Now you are raving, and making a fool of yourself besides. If, as you elegantly express it, you were the toy of a fleeting passion, you would not be my wife; and that you are certainly, though perhaps now I might be as well pleased if I had not been in such a hurry to put the noose round my neck. As to my loving her, believe me, dearest, you are a thousand times sweeter and more charming to me than any other woman who ever breathed. I don't care a fig for her, but I want her money; and as for her, I don't think she likes me, though I believe she tries to persuade herself she does; and I am pretty sure she cares a good deal for that hang-dog fellow, Hugh Melton, curse him!"

"Then, Edward darling," said the beauty, in a calmer voice, "how can you wish so to wrong both her and me? Of myself I will say nothing; you must know all I have to say as well as I; but only think of her. What has the poor girl done that this sin and shame should be brought upon her? Let her marry that man, if she can care for him after being engaged to you. Are you sure she doesn't love you?" she added. "Are you only telling me that about the other man to turn my suspicions aside, because you love her yourself? Swear to me you are telling me the truth. Only a little while ago, and I should not have asked you to swear—I should have believed your word; but now you are so strange I almost fear you. Why did you tell me all this, and say those dreadful things? I know you were only trying me, but I can't bear it. Promise me not to talk so any more, won't you?"

With the most coaxing and persuasive voice, in which there was still a tremor of fear and passion, she uttered these words, and I could fancy how, as she said it, her white hands wound themselves around his neck, and her beautiful lustrous eyes looked pleadingly up into his.

But blandishments and prayers were alike wasted on him; he had begun his subject, and he meant to go through with it; he continued, therefore:

"The reason she don't marry Hugh Melton is that he is a beggar, with nothing but his pay, and her fine fortune goes to the dogs, or somewhere equally satisfactory, if she does not marry me; and marry her I will. I am going home in a year's time to do it; so I would advise you to keep quiet, madam, and not spoil my little game, or it will be the worse for you."

"But I will spoil it," she cried; "I will spoil it. Do you think I will stand by quietly and see you ruin another life as you have ruined mine? Is it not enough for one woman to have married a villain, who will darken her future life by the curse of an unrequited affection, without another being dragged down by the same man to a darker misery, a deeper shame? No; I have here the copy of my marriage register; I always carry it with me; as a precious treasure at first, henceforth as a safeguard against treachery. Oh, Edward, I thought you loved me! Say you will give up all thoughts of Miss Meares; I will forgive you every thing, for I love you still; even though you had perpetrated the deed you threaten, Heaven help me, I believe I should love you even then."

"Where did you get that copy of the register?" was all the answer he vouchsafed to her passionate appeal.

"You know," she answered—and there was a sound of coming tears in her plaintive voice—"I got the copy the day we were married at St. Margaret's in Calcutta. Don't you remember? And you laughed at me, and called me a goose. Oh, in those days, Edward, you did love me, say what you will. Why can you not do so again?"

"Show me that," he answered, laughing. "Who said I didn't love you? I do, dearly; but then you must let me show it in my own way, and that's by making you as rich as I can. Yes, the copy's all correct," he continued, from which I knew she had given it to him, as desired. The next minute I heard a fusee struck, then a quick, sharp cry in the woman's voice, a sound as of some one springing rapidly forward, and then, in Cameron's cynical sneering tones, "Too late, my dear; that little relic will never comfort you or trouble me again; and perhaps you were not aware that the greater part of St. Margaret's was burned down about two months ago, and the vestry, with the books in it, was burned along with the rest."

No clamorous outcry, no passionate burst of weeping, followed this dastardly act; for a few seconds the silence was so dead that I almost thought she must have fainted; but hardly was this idea formed than it was again dispelled by hearing her moan, in a broken plaintive voice that told of more heart-felt suffering than the wildest weeping:

"Oh, Edward, how could you do that! My only safeguard; and I am your wife—you know I am."

"I never disputed that fact," he answered, in high good humor, "nor shall I as long as you keep quiet, and let no one know of your relation to me; but if I find you troublesome, you are without proofs, remember, and I shall remember that also; so beware, for no credit will be given to your assertion unbacked by proof."

She had borne every insult, every stinging sneer, quietly hitherto, but now her spirit rose up against her tyrant and tormentor, the man who, alas for her! she yet loved; she turned on him with defiant words and a tone almost of hate vibrating in her voice; there was no quick-drawn breath, no sobbing sound, such as other women would have been unable to restrain; quietly and distinctly, one by one, her words fell on the soft evening air.

"Very well," she said, "let this be a bargain between us; I will say nothing, and keep out of sight and notice as long as you desire, thereby proving myself willing to obey you as a wife should. But if you go near this woman, this heiress, with words of love that belong only of right to me—if you, who are bound both by the laws of God and man to me, dare to speak of marriage to her—I swear that I will follow you, even though I had to beg my bread by the way; I would follow you across the ocean that would then separate us, and into her stately home, to expose you in your right character, and to proclaim my rights before all men. Heaven help me then!—I, who loved you when I thought you faithful, tender, and noble above all men; I, who love you still, when I know you viler than the vilest pariah in the empire—for then your spirit, cold and cruel as it is now, will turn tenfold more against me, and I shall fall a victim to your hate, as I did when I married you to your pretended love."

She paused, overcome by the violence of her emotion; for as she had continued speaking, more passion, more intense misery, were betrayed by her tone; and he, without waiting for her to continue, if she had intended to do so, went on:

"Very well done indeed, Julia. I should advise you, instead of begging your bread when you want to raise the wind, to take to the tragic stage; you would bring down the house if you looked and acted like that; in the mean time it is waste of talent to declaim at me any longer; besides, it is getting late, and those fellows will be coming back. You put up at Boodera-bad, don't you? Stop there for a day or two, and I will go over and see you. Wait; you must have something to eat before you go, you look really tired. I am afraid, after all, you haven't strength for a tragedy queen; you would get done up in no time."

Talking in this half-sneering, half-affectionate manner, I heard him moving about the room, and presently ordering some refreshment to be brought up. In the mean time I was told my horse was waiting for me (I was in the habit of

riding at this hour), and though longing to hear if any thing more of interest would pass between this curious couple, I thought it best to go out, consoling myself by reflecting that I knew all it was necessary I should know. Hardly thinking of where I was going, I turned my pretty Arab's head in the direction of Booderabad, and set off at a rapid pace; it was my object to get as much exercise that evening into as short a space of time as possible, so I gave my little steed his head, and away he went through the deepening gloom at the rate of a fox-hunt.

It was a pretty hilly road, shadowed on either side by groves of stately trees, interspersed with the little gardens attached to the huts of the natives. Not a very lonely road either, as it was a favorite resort with the residents of the little town of A——; and for a mile or two I met no end of people I knew. At last the road became more deserted, and I fell into deep thought about what I had just heard. The moon rose red and full in the heavens; my little Arab, with praiseworthy attention to his own interests, slackened his pace, gradually dropping into a walk; but I neither saw nor felt any thing. I thought only with impotent anger of Cameron's brutality, and of the lovely and tender woman whom a cruel fate had placed so completely in his power. I wished much that I knew her, and could offer her counsel and advice; I fancied, with a friend to protect her and support her interests, she would be able to make better terms with her ruffianly husband. My chance was nearer than I expected. While I rode on thoughtfully, pondering on the ways and means of making her acquaintance, a rumbling noise in the distance, and an uneasy motion on the part of my horse, roused me out of my reverie, and obliged me to concentrate my attention on what then came under my eyes.

Before me the road took a sudden bend, following the course of the river, along the banks of which it ran. There was no parapet or wall of defense between the road and the river, only the smooth edging of greensward, and the water just there looked deep and dark. The moon had risen bright and full; it was by its light I made these observations; but nothing lay before me that could account for the restlessness manifested by my horse. The rumbling noise continued, and seemed to approach nearer, coming from behind. I turned and gazed back over the road I had traveled, gleaming white in the moonlight, and presently fancied I could discern a dark object moving along it with considerable velocity. Prompted by curiosity I turned and rode to meet it; but I had hardly gone a few yards when I became aware that the dark object was a carriage bearing down on me with the rapidity of lightning. A glance sufficed to show that the horse was running away. Indeed, I found out afterward that the driver had been smoking opium, and when the horse took fright he was incapable of either managing it or keeping his seat, and fell off into a heap of dust by the roadside, where he was found next day fast asleep and quite comfortable.

Though I was not at the first minute aware there was no driver, yet I saw plainly that unless help was speedily rendered, carriage, occupants, and horse must all go into the river, which was deep enough there to make the mere idea of such a contingency unpleasant. I turned, therefore, and as the runaway approached, put my little Arab into a brisk canter, increasing gradually to a quicker pace; when the vehicle came up with me, I, galloping beside the horse, seized his rein. We were now so close to the river, going so fast and so straight at it, that there was no possibility of our stopping before we should get to the brink. However, by a great exertion of strength, and thanks to the excellent training of my steed, we swung round the curve of the road so close to the water that the outside wheel must have been on the verge of the bank. That danger past, I breathed freely; and although it took me some time to stop the furious animal, I succeeded at last, and when he was fairly at a stand, it seemed to me he was not likely to run away again soon. He was covered with foam from head to foot, reeking with sweat, and seemed so done up that his limbs trembled under him. He was not a bad-looking beast, and I dare say when fresh had a temper of his own, which accounted for the scene in which I had just played a part. Leaving my gallant little Sultan at liberty, but still holding fast the reins of the runaway, I approached the door of the vehicle. It was one of those curious covered conveyances with curtains drawn all round, resembling the arabas of the Turkish women, and it seemed somehow familiar to my eyes. Yes, as I looked at it again I became convinced that it was the same curious vehicle that had excited my wonder that evening as it drove up to the barracks. With more eagerness than I had yet felt, I approached the curtained aperture that served for a door, and drawing back the screen peered anxiously in. I had hardly looked in when a dark form bent forward from the interior, and said, in Hindoostanee:

"Are we safe, Mahmoud? What was the matter? I thought we should have been killed."

The voice was the same sweet voice I had heard in Cameron's room, but it trembled now a little from fear, as it then had from passion. It was evident she did not know that her servant had been to blame, and also that he had disappeared—where or how I could not at that time tell. I stepped back a little to let the moonlight stream into the carriage, and answered:

"Mahmoud is not here, madam; I am a stranger. I happened to be passing, and was fortunate enough to be able to stop your horse, which was running away. Where your driver can be I am unable to imagine, but I hope you will allow me to assist you in any way you may desire. If you will tell me where you live, I will conduct you home."

She seemed frightened on hearing a strange voice, and at first shrank back into the dark recesses of the carriage; as I went on, however, curiosity mastered fear, and I could see her lean forward eagerly to catch sight of my face in the moonlight. I bore her scrutiny calmly, though it was long and keen; indeed, I was beginning to feel uncomfortable, not knowing what to say next, when she answered: "I will trust you; I think I may; your face looks kind, and I have no one here to help me. I do not live near here, but I am staying at Booderabad. I am stopping in one of the bungalows on this side of the town; Mrs. Camden's. You can ask some one to direct you to it when we get near there, if it is not troubling you too much to ask you to drive me."

"Not any trouble at all; I shall be most happy," I answered, though wondering a little how on earth I was to get back to A—— that night, and thinking what a row Ali (my syce) would make when his pet, Sultan, did not return at the usual time. However, the lady seemed to have nothing farther to say; so I got into my saddle again, and started the jaded steed on its homeward road in a broken shambling trot. A weary ride that was to me, at first flogging the tired brute till I was in a white heat and completely exhausted; then at length toiling along at a foot-pace, scolding, coaxing, and otherwise encouraging the animal, that all the time paid no attention to my blandishments, but chose his own pace with a sublime disregard of any convenience but his own. Ten weary miles we thus passed over before reaching the little town of Booderabad. The moon was setting, it was about one o'clock in the morning; in another two hours people would be bestirring themselves; but in the mean time here we were at Booderabad, and no one could be seen either to guide me to Mrs. Camden's, or, after I arrived there, to tell me where I might find a place to rest myself and horse before returning. At this moment the curtain at the door of the carriage was drawn back and the lady looked out, trying in the dim light to make out the bungalow to which she wished to be driven.

After several wrong turns and bewildering mistakes we at last arrived at the right house, where, however, we were kept nearly half an hour knocking before any one came to let us in. The lady, before going in, thanked me in the most earnest manner for the service I had been able to render her, and when she entered I delivered the vehicle and horse to the servant, and followed him with my own, in hopes of finding some place where I might put up. As I expected, I found accommodation for my horse at the stable where the vehicle had been hired, but was not quite so fortunate with regard to myself, as it was fully half an hour later before I found myself housed at last in a hot and not over-comfortable lodging. I might have been worse off, however, and besides was tired; so that I was soon fast asleep, and forgot for a time the startling discoveries of the day and Ali's anxieties at my non-appearance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN EDUCATIONAL STRUGGLE WITH THE ROMAN CATHOLICS.

The Chief Justice of Arizona is a Roman Catholic who was selected for that office in the belief that he was "liberal" and a friend of American progress. He proves to be an ardent ultramontane. He has recently delivered a lecture against the American system of education. The Legislative Hall at Tucson, the capital, was, it seems, offered him for that purpose. A large audience assembled, and such was the effect of his oratory that when a bill was introduced soon after in the Council of the Territory establishing sectarian schools and overturning the common-school system, it was defeated only by a single vote. The controversy rages among the silver-bearing mountains of Arizona, and it is still in doubt whether caste and sectarianism may not win a complete triumph in a region where pure republicanism might well find its natural home. That a Chief Justice of a high court should employ his leisure in assailing the common schools is an unexampled event. It has usually been thought that the dignity of the bench was best assured by the abstinence of its occupants from all political controversy; but ultramontane zeal, it seems, is insensible to the restraints of common propriety, and the impartiality of the judge is laid aside in the ardor of the advocate.

The arguments upon which our Chief Justice relies are not new. The "Church," he asserts, is the only power that has the right to teach; the state has none. State teaching is necessarily immoral and godless, because it wants the authority of the "Church." The state has no right to enter your house and tear your child from your arms. The theory of the common-school education is plain Communism, and may lead to the mad orgies of Paris. The "Church," he asserts, will never yield this power to the state. The conflict is irreconcilable, and a war must begin which can only end in anarchy and ruin. The ultramontanes are, it seems, resolved never to permit the state to educate their children. But to this mode of reasoning there is but one answer: the Roman Catholic, like every other citizen, must submit to the law. And the plain reason of the educational law is that neither the Roman Catholic Church nor any other has shown itself fitted or able to instruct nations. The only successful system of education is that established and controlled by the state. The clearest testimony, that of recent statistics, shows that the education afforded by the Roman Catholic denomination must be both "godless and immoral," since it leads only to the grossest criminality, while the education provided by the different states diminishes crime and produces usually honest and industrious citizens. The massacre at Acapulco and the murders at San Miguel are conclusive arguments against leaving education in the hands of the "Church."

In Roman Catholic countries both the education tolerated and the neglect of education seem equally dangerous to freedom and good morals. In Massachusetts, for example, one-seventh of the population is foreign born, and educated, or rather left wholly uneducated, by the "Church." From this one-seventh part of the population come nearly three-fourths of the crime. Says the report of 1871: "The third grand fact is that not far from seventy-five per cent. of New England crime is committed by persons of foreign extraction." The same proportion is found to apply to the other New England States, and also to New York and the West (see Report of the Commissioner of Education, 1871, p. 548), and the inference necessarily follows that the "Church" is the parent of the larger part of our criminal population. By its neglect of education it prepares its members for the almshouse and the jail. If all Massachusetts were under the educational supervision of the ultramontane priests, it would produce sevenfold the amount of crime and pauperism it does at present, and it is easy to compute how soon, under such a rule, that prosperous community would be reduced to the condition of Mexico or Spain. If Arizona is to be educated under similar conditions, it can never hope to rank high among its sister States, or to rival the prosperity of California and Colorado.

That the Roman Catholic Church—at least in its ultramontane and exclusive form—has never succeeded in educating any nation over which it has ruled, nor has apparently desired to educate it, the Chief Justice of Arizona might easily inform himself. He has only to look at any common book of statistics, or even any simple map of Europe and America. The dark lines of illiteracy are uniformly drawn over the Roman Catholic countries. In America it is Protestant and liberal New England and the North that are covered with the lines of light; all over South America, Mexico, and Roman Catholic Canada the great mass of the men and women are wholly without intelligence, and only the few share in the impulse of progress. Knowledge flies from the rule of the "Church." Ultramontane Belgium has thirty-three per cent. of its population who can neither read nor write (see Report of the Commissioners of Education, 1871, p. 486). Protestant Denmark has scarcely any one; Norway and Sweden are at least as well educated as Denmark. Ultramontane France in its western departments leaves one-half its population wholly uninstructed. During the war of 1870 it was found that 17 out of 130 French officers at Königsberg, prisoners of war, could not write their names or sign the pay-rolls, and the extraordinary proportion of illiterates among the common soldiers is thought to explain in part the easy triumph of the Germans. "The common people of France seldom see a book," says General Hazen (*The School and the Army*, p. 378); "they have no magazines, and newspapers are scarcely known among them." It is plain that with such a system of education Arizona would become a barren field for the editor and the printer. "We have no population," General Hazen adds, "that at all corresponds to the poorer peasantry of France. Even the mountain inhabitants of East Tennessee and Kentucky are vastly superior in intelligence and character, though not in morals, to the French peasantry. The old men are vicious," etc.

Such is the result of the ultramontane rule in France. The education supplied by the "Church" has reduced the great body of the people to a strange and almost savage dullness. "They live and die," General Hazen tells us in his interesting survey, often "with no more animation, hope, or happiness than the horse which was their only companion." It would be well if every ultramontane would consult the *School and the Army* before he applies himself to the consideration of educational questions. In General Hazen's account of the German schools he would find the cause of the difference between the two peoples. In Germany the state rules the "Church;" in France the state obeys the ultramontanes. In Germany education flourishes, and nearly every one learns to read and think; in France the nation perishes under the rule of the Roman priest, and ignorance is the common lot of men. A similar and even a far worse condition of things prevails in Italy and Spain, where for centuries the "Church" has controlled the education of the people (see Report, 1871, p. 473); and of Rome, the chosen city of the "Church," for so many ages, we are told by the latest reports that one-half the people can neither read nor write. They crowd to the common schools established by the Italian government with singular avidity. The "Chief Justice" assures us that under the rule of the Pope Rome had a better system of education and was better instructed than any part of the United States. Until 1870 the report of the Italian government shows the papal city was covered with the grossest ignorance.

M. De Laveleye, a distinguished Belgian writer, has just printed at the request of Mr. Gladstone a pamphlet upon the effect of religion on races. He indicates that ultramontanism is every where the source of the decay of the Latin kingdoms and states. It is not because they are Latins, he thinks, that the Spaniards and Italians have fallen behind the Germans and the Goths. For he shows that Spain was a free land when England was a despotism, and Italy was the centre of mediæval republicanism and progress four centuries before Cromwell. But the Latin kingdoms remained subject to Rome, and perished; the German became Protestant, and rose to unexampled prosperity. That it is religion and not race that controls the fate of nations he indicates by a clear example. The Genevese are Latins; yet Geneva is the most cultivated, progressive, and prosperous of the Swiss cantons. The German cantons of Uri and Lucerne are Catholic, and lag behind their fellows; and he carries on his theory to the town, village, and family. He shows that the Catholic population is every where ignorant and poor, the Protestant industrious and advancing. The nations subject to the Pope are every where dead or dying, torn by internal convulsions, hastening to their fall. Even France, ruled by the Jesuits, is on the brink of civil war, and Belgium disordered and ill at ease. But possibly M. De Laveleye has overlooked the cause of this singular contrast. Ultramontanism every where banishes education, and civil war, decay, and corruption are the necessary fruits of uncultivated minds. If Arizona is prudent, it will scarcely, with such examples, be willing to place its educational affairs in the hands of the ultramontanes.

But contrasted with the impotent or destructive effects of clerical education upon the Latin race, how grand and humane appear the growth and triumph of our common schools! Every State adopts them with ardor, and they have sprung up every where by the spontaneous action of the people. Within twenty years the system, perfected and enlarged, has spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It has educated the cities and the wilderness. It is the cheapest mode of teaching ever known; yet its school buildings are countless and often magnificent, and the most splendid of these palaces of learning has recently been built at Omaha, where only a few years ago was a solitude. Six millions of children are taught in the common schools yearly at a cost of possibly ten dollars for each. The common schools lengthen the duration of life, avert disease, banish crime, refine and strengthen the race. They teach every where pure republicanism. The principles of 1776 are repeated in every school-house from Maine to California, and caste and sectarianism recede at their approach. We are fast becoming one great, united, progressive people, educated in the same way, filled with the generous and tolerant spirit of freedom, and the foundation of all our prosperity is the swift and unceasing growth of our common schools.

Eugene Lawrence.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"When I married," said ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer Lowe, at a London dinner party, "I declared, 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow,' although I hadn't a shilling in the world." "But," chimed in the wife, "you had your splendid talents." "Yes, my dear; but you know I didn't endow you with them," was the right honorable gentleman's reply.

Tom Moore is the author of the following gushing little epigram, which has been credited to a dozen others:

"They say thine eyes, like sunny skies,
The chief attraction form;
I see no sunshine in those eyes—
They take me all by storm."

A Fifeshire man recently took his child to the minister to be baptized, who asked him, "Are you prepared for so solemn and important an occasion?" "Prepared!" he echoed, with some indignation: "I hae a firlot o' bannock bakin', two hams, an' a gallon o' the best Highland whusky, an' I wad like to ken what better preparations ye expeck frae a man in my condition o' life?"

"If a dog's tail is cut off entirely, will it not interfere with his locomotion?" "Not exactly; it will not affect his carriage, but it will stop his waggin'."

A loquacious blockhead, after babbling some time to Lord Erskine, observed he was afraid he was obtruding on his lordship's ear. "Oh, not at all," said Erskine; "I have not been listening."

An old Scotch parson, who was not only a preacher but a parson, and who on week-days returned the visits which his people made to him at the kirk on Sundays, once came to the house of a parishioner where his gentle knocking could not be heard for the noise within. Upon this he lifted the latch and walked in, saying, in a majestical way, "I should like to know who is the head of this house?" "Weel, Sir," said Sandy, "if ye bide a wee we'll maybe be able to tell ye, for Janet and I are just trying to settle that point."

"In faith, captain," said a son of Erin, as a ship was coming on the coast in inclement winter weather, "have ye a almenick on board?" "No, I haven't." "Thin, be jabers," replied Pat, "we shall have to take the weather as it comes."

The man that was stuck up with pride has been taken down, and hangs on his own hook at present. In case the hook should give way, let him lie upon his own liabilities until he is prepared to sleep on a clear conscience.

A person pretending to have seen a ghost was asked what the apparition said to him. "How should I know?" he replied; "I am not skilled in the dead languages."

"Any ting pite you dere?" inquired one Dutchman of another, while engaged in angling. "No, notting at all." "Vell," returned the other, "notting pite me too."

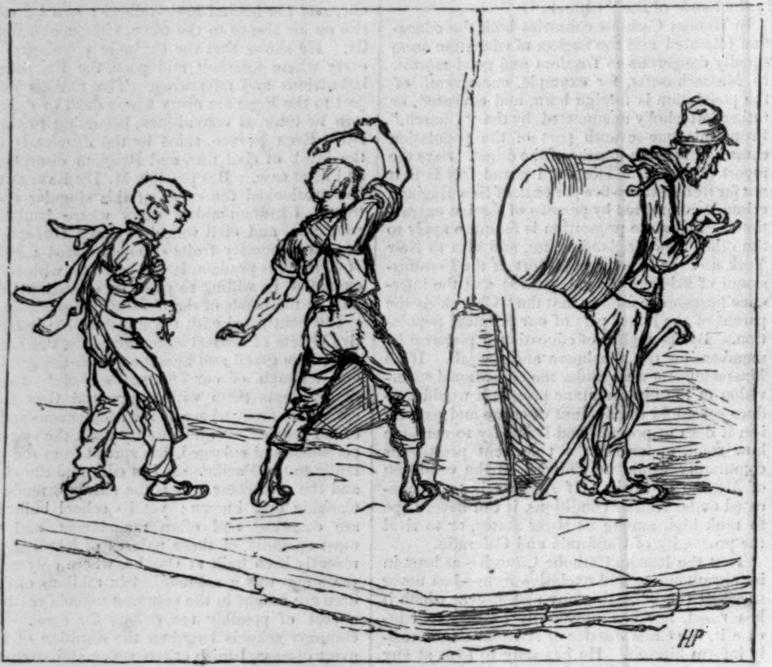
It is related of a Parisian portrait-painter that having recently painted the portrait of a lady, a critic, who had just dropped in to see what was going on in the studio, exclaimed, "It is very nicely painted; but why did you take such an ugly model?" "It is my mother," calmly replied the artist. "Oh! pardon, a thousand times," from critic, in great confusion. "You are right; I ought to have perceived it. She resembles you completely."

"Maister," said an old Scotch servant, "whether is't gude manners, when a gentleman gies ye a glass o' whusky, to tak' a drap or drink aff the haill o't?" The master having, in homely Scotch phrase, judiciously replied to this poser that the courtesy consisted in imbibing the whole, the man exclaimed, with a sigh of relief, "Then, Gude be thankit, I was mannerly!"

During the session of a county court in the interior a witness was asked if he was not a husbandman, when he coolly replied, amidst the laughter of the court, "No, Sir, I's not married."

A whimsical comparison being made between a clock and a woman, Charles Fox observed that he thought the simile bad; "for," said he, "a clock serves to point out the hours, and a woman to make us forget them."

GERMAN CHARACTER SKETCHES.



THE UNCONSCIOUS VICTIM.

BREAKFAST ON THE DOOR-STEP.

INNOCENCE.

OFF WORK.

ALPINE HORN—WAKING THE ECHOES.

THE QUARTETTE.

The illustrations on this page are engraved from sketches by A. Hendschel, a German artist, who is quite successful in light and humorous caricature. The first picture shows a couple of mischievous boys, apparently shoe-makers' apprentices, stealing up behind a poor old tinker, who stands quietly counting the proceeds of his last job, and entirely unconscious of the salute in store for him. It will be great fun to see the old fellow jump when the blow descends upon the big kettle on his back. Shoe-makers' apprentices in Germany have the reputation of always being up to all sorts of mischievous pranks. "Breakfast on the Door-Step," "Innocence," and "The Quartette" require no explanation. "Off Work" shows a pair of working-men out for a holiday. They have evidently made very free with the bottle, and will pay dearly for their fun with "Katzenjammer." The Alpine horn is well known to travelers in Switzerland and the Tyrol. It is used in many situations favorable to reverberating echoes, and the effect, when the huge instrument is blown by a stout pair of lungs, is sometimes magical. The horn is frequently the property of some old peasant or Alpine herdsman, who earns a few pennies by waking the mountain echoes for the benefit of passing tourists. A gun or pistol sometimes takes the place of the horn; and there are localities where the echo of the shot, at first faint and indistinct, gathers volume as it is thrown from cliff to cliff, until it breaks and dies away in a roll like thunder. There is a very fine echo of this description on the Königs-see, in the Bavarian Tyrol, where the mountain rises a solid wall of barren rock almost perpendicularly from the water.

IN THE ICE-PACK.

THE Austro-Hungarian North-polar Expedition, consisting of the screw-steamer *Tegethoff* and a crew of twenty-four men, sailed from Bremerhaven on the 13th of June, 1872, and in forty-six days reached the outer edge of the ice, in 74° 30′ north latitude. Its extension so far to the south, and the low temperature for that time of the year, augured ill for the future.

The masses of ice with which the expedition had to battle presented grave obstacles. Extensive ice-fields were seldom to be seen, and as rarely did wide openings present themselves; but progress was greatly obstructed by broken ice, which threatened to close around and beset the steamer, and Barentz Island was not reached until the middle of August, when the expedition of Count WILCZEK was met. The two expeditions parted company on the 21st of that month; and the very next day the *Tegethoff* was beset with ice, which soon froze around the vessel into solid masses, from which neither sawing nor blasting could set the imprisoned explorers free. So beset, they drifted helplessly northward, and by the middle of October the voyagers had lost sight of land.

The force of the ice was so great that planks of oak a foot thick, which fortified the stern of the ship, were crushed flat. The crashing ice-floes bent, rose, and burst in two around the vessel, which rose to the pressure above her water-line, careened over upon her side, and remained in this fearful position for weeks and months.

In this manner the expedition drifted with the ice-fields through the whole of the winter of 1872–73. The deck of the *Tegethoff* was covered with snow, and an ice wall built round the stern, and this was repaired each time it was destroyed by the movement of the ice. The awning could only be spread over the fore part of the ship. In spite of all precautions the pumps froze. The men employed their time in collecting and melting snow for water, making meteorological observations, taking long walks, and holding schools. Every Sunday the Bible was read on deck by the light of an oil lamp.

Before the disappearance of the sun, on the 28th of October, they had built a house of coal in the neighborhood of the ship, to serve as the first refuge in case the *Tegethoff* should be destroyed by the ice. On Christmas-eve a sudden movement of the ice demolished this asylum, leaving the ship unharmed.

During the whole of the summer of 1873 the *Tegethoff* continued to drift slowly northward with the ice. All attempts to free her were unavailing. The floe in which she was imprisoned was seven miles in length. On the 31st of August the voyagers suddenly saw high masses of land, only fourteen miles distant, breaking through the banks of fog; before this sight all their anxieties vanished. This land now bears the distinguished name of the Emperor and King of Austria and Hungary. But it was impossible to reach the longed-for goal, and its sight almost became a torment, for the ship still drifted before every wind, and any one quitting the floe would

THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION—REMOVING BOATS AND PROVISIONS FROM THE "TEGETHOFF."

have been cut off and lost. On the 22d of October, 1873, the sun again forsook them. Their second polar night of 125 days passed without the horrors of the previous one. The impossibility of freeing the ship from ice led to the determination to abandon her; and after the return of the sun on the 24th of February, 1874, the boats and provisions were removed to an unbroken ice-floe. This was a task of great difficulty and danger, but it was successfully accomplished.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

This is the season when numerous accidents occur in boating, bathing, and swimming. One can scarcely open a newspaper without the eye falling on some record of "death from drowning." The boat upsets, the bathers are carried beyond their depth into the current, the swimmers are seized with cramp. At least half a dozen lives have already been lost at Coney Island and this season. A sad affair occurred at Fall River a short time ago. Seven boys were bathing together, when the youngest one became frightened, and asked the others to help him. In attempting to do this they went into deep water, and all but one was drowned. It is not an unusual circumstance for a person who attempts to rescue another from drowning to fall a victim to his kind intentions. Much care and caution are necessary, even on the part of the best swimmers, while endeavoring to save a drowning person; and if one can not swim at all, or but little, it is useless to plunge into the water. Persons attempting the rescue of another should divest themselves of coat and boots if possible. A child may be easily managed by an expert swimmer; but if the drowning person is strong and powerful, it is often imperatively necessary to keep out of his reach until he is partially exhausted; otherwise he will clutch his rescuer, and both may go down together helpless. Calmness and caution are invaluable in the water. The sufferer will clutch any thing extended toward him at first—an oar, branch of a tree, a neck-tie, or a sleeve of a jacket, and if the other end of the article can be held in the mouth, the rescuer has the use of his arms. But still it is needful to keep out of the reach of the drowning person. Go behind him and push him along, but never attempt to reason with him. If he becomes insensible, a good swimmer can easily bring him to the shore or to a place of safety, and then the proper means of restoration should be immediately used. Impulsive recklessness, even though inspired by the most generous feeling, will not be so likely to save a drowning man as thoughtful caution. It may be well to mention that in case one feels cramp coming on while in the water, it is best not to stop, but to strike out faster than before: a sudden jerk of the limb is often an effectual relief.

An order has been passed by the School Committee of Boston to establish four Kindergarten schools; one in Charlestown, one at the North End, in Hancock District, one in South Boston, in the Lawrence District, and one in Roxbury.

Another steam annihilator is in the field—the Keely motor is not alone. A Chicago inventor has turned up who says that when rumors of the Keely motor reached his ears he went to work, and by a contrivance of his own succeeded in developing a tremendous power of expansion, though he has no idea that he has attained the result by the same process as Mr. Keely. The public awaits further developments.

The Art of being a Grandfather is the title of a small volume of poetry by Victor Hugo which will soon be published.

Surf bathing at some of the fashionable watering-places is peculiar. Ladies put on the most elaborate bathing costumes, and then run down to the breakers in high glee. A little foam is allowed to wet their pretty feet, whereupon they all scream and run back to the bathing houses, and put their hotel finery on again. Then when they come out they say the bathing was "perfectly splendid."

Young men are wanted at Long Branch. They are wanted every where in modern high life. An exchange says that the girls have found the specimen tailor's dummy lacks vitality and is painfully useless.

Subscriptions for the memorial theatre to Shakspeare in his native town already amount to about $15,000. No sum, however small, is refused, and all English-speaking people are invited to share in the memorial. In connection with the theatre there will be a library and a gallery for pictures and statuary of Shakspearean subjects.

The Board of Inquiry appointed by the Board of Trade to investigate the facts in connection with the loss of the *Schiller* was conducted by Mr. James Patteson, police magistrate of Greenwich, assisted by two nautical assessors. Unfortunately the report clearly shows a culpable lack of precaution on the part of Captain Thomas. It appears that the accuracy of the dead-reckoning was taken for granted, even when no observations had been taken for three days, and a speed allowed of fourteen knots an hour, under both steam and sail, during a dense fog. It was not until a short time before the disaster that the speed was reduced, and even then no soundings were taken. The report says, "Had a cast of the lead been taken at eight or even nine o'clock, it would have shown them their proximity to danger and the error in their reckoning, and probably have averted this sad disaster."

A young German, Schroeder by name, has just obtained from the United States letters patent for his invention of a balloon, by which it is claimed a voyage can be made from New York to London in fifty hours. The vessel is to be constructed in the form of a life-boat, sixty feet long and ten wide, which is to be connected to and carried by a balloon of linen, having a capacity for 70,000 cubic feet of gas. Without giving the details of its construction, it is sufficient to state that this invention, upon which Mr. Schroeder has been at work for three years, seems to be highly approved by those who have examined it.

At a meeting held in London on July 16 it was resolved to open a public subscription for the erection of a statue of Lord Byron in some conspicuous place in that city.

Yale College during the first few years of its existence was located at Saybrook, an old town on the shores of Long Island Sound, at the mouth of the Connecticut River. It is related that in the year 1700 ten clergymen met at Branford, Connecticut, ten miles east of New Haven, and formed themselves into a society, and at a second meeting they contributed about forty folio volumes "for founding a college in this colony." This act originated Yale College. In 1701 the State General Assembly voted sixty pounds sterling in support of the "Collegiate School," at the same time granting a charter. The first meeting under the charter was held at Saybrook, November, 1701, when the trustees elected the Rev. Abraham Pierson, pastor of the church in Killingworth (now Clinton), its first president. The people of Killingworth were unwilling to have their minister locate in Saybrook, and the students were instructed by him at Killingworth from 1701 to 1707, the time of his death. The annual Commencements were held at Saybrook; but not till 1781 was the institution moved to its present location, New Haven. The first college building is remembered by a very few persons now living, and was taken down by Adam Stanton, and the timbers were framed into his dwelling, which is still standing and occupied by his descendants.

The *Whim* is a small sloop which sailed from England not long ago for the arctic regions. It is under the command of Captain Wiggins, of the merchant service, and is manned by five able seamen. Captain Wiggins commanded an expedition to the arctic seas last year, and he is of opinion that a valuable field for investigation and trade is open among the scattered people who occupy Samoyede Land and northernmost Russia generally, and he and his crew go out in pursuit of further investigation in the direction indicated.

It is said that the ratio of bathers at Long Branch is about one to ten of the population; that nearly every one would like to bathe, but that few dare to do so—not because they fear the water, but they fear critical comment. There are few, either men or women, who look well in dripping clothes, and they fear to look their worst. Children do not care much about looks when enjoyment is to be found; so they roll and splash in the water to their hearts' content.

A "Boston pastor," in the *Congregationalist*, discussing the question, "Where shall we go this summer?" says that if you will "buy a knapsack and cut a staff, you can go any where." A foot journey, he assures us, is cheap, healthy, and independent; also romantic and stimulating, yet restful. The brief directions are these: "Buy a knapsack, or take the old one. Pack up an overcoat, and share with your comrade the pieces of a soldier tent. Leave boots and cotton stockings behind, and substitute easy-going shoes and a pair of 'blue homespuns' right from down-East knitting-needles. Stick in your rubbers and a change of woolens *all over*. As for food, you had better forage as you go along (honestly, of course). You may or may not want to make sure of the soldier's staff, coffee, before you start, adding a block of dried beef."

Yale College Library has received a gift of $1000 for the purchase of a complete collection of Parliamentary papers of Great Britain from 1865 to 1873. The collection embraces 742 volumes, bound in half parchment, and mostly of folio size.

The Governor of Ceylon, with the full concurrence of the Secretary of State, has refused to issue any more licenses to shoot or capture elephants. The number of elephants in Ceylon has been greatly diminished by the wholesale and wanton destruction of them.

France is not a stranger to destructive floods, but the only inundations comparable to the recent one were those of 1727 and 1856. The latter began on May 30, 1856, in the southern and central parts of France. The valleys of the Loire, the Rhone, and their tributaries were completely inundated. From Paris to Lyons, and onward to the sea, the streams, large and small, overflowed their banks. The country around Châlons, Tours, and Lyons looked like an inland sea. Human bodies, cattle, furniture, agricultural productions, and farm buildings were borne along the floods. The streets of many towns were only passable in boats. The embankments of the Rhone were broken down by the weight and force of the waters, and all the lower quarters of Lyons were inundated. At that time the Emperor Napoleon III. personally visited the scene of suffering, and distributed gold for relief in a way that greatly increased his popularity, though at the risk of danger to himself. On the occasion of the recent flood, Marshal M'Mahon hastened, with attendants, to the inundated departments to succor the distressed, and Madame M'Mahon immediately opened a subscription and exerted herself for the relief of the unfortunates.

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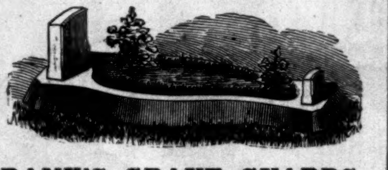

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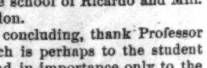
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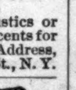

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